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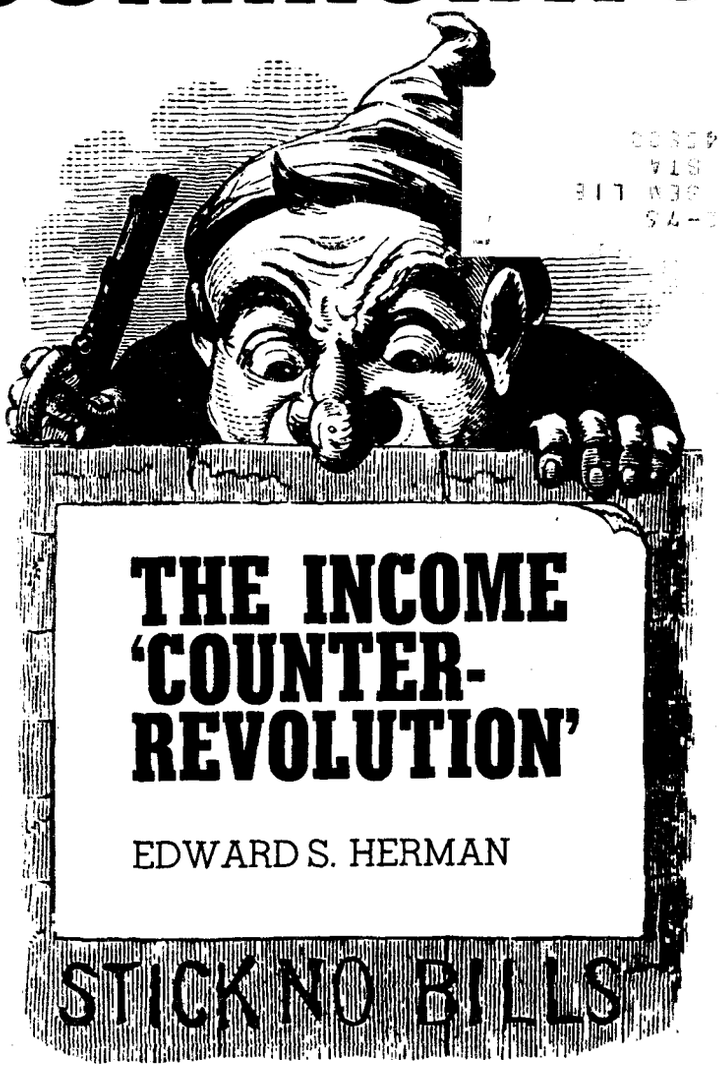

JOHN C. CORT THE CARDINAL CRIED RED
FRANK GETLEIN THE BRITISH ARE HERE
ABIGAIL McCARTHY PROFESSION & COMMITMENT
SISYPHUS ULTIMATE TEST FOR REFORMERS
BRIAN WICKER BRITAIN ON THE BRINK
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COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. DIVORCE SWEDISH STYLE
MICHAEL MURRAY INSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE

BOOK REVIEWS: LISA H. NEWTON, SEAN CRONIN
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NEWS & VIEWS

Wrapping Up Casinos

The outcome of the New Jersey referendum on casino gambling [*Commonweal*, 11/1/74] is being assessed as a classic example of how citizen organization and participation can affect a major public issue.

In late summer state officials, from Governor Byrne down, were anticipating overwhelming approval of the proposal to introduce Las Vegas-style gambling to New Jersey, and not even opponents of casinos were challenging that anticipation.

After all, New Jersey had not turned down a gambling referendum since the 1930s (the lottery passed by a 5-to-1 margin); a majority of the state's politicians favored the measure, including the governor and 81 of 120 legislators; and proponents of casino gambling had upwards of $500,000 to spend. (Opponents spent less than $25,000.)

Yet a measure that pollsters at one time thought would pass by a 20-point margin, lost by a 3-to-2 margin, or some 500,000 votes.

The *New York Times* probed the 'why' of the 'no' vote, and came up with a number of factors: the vagueness of the referendum; editorial opposition by newspapers; the lack of a "champion" of casinos; and the feeling that casinos would be a magnet for "undesirables," such as "pimps, loan-sharks and prostitutes."

But, by the *Times*' estimate and most others', none of these factors, singly or in concert, would have tipped the scales without a citizens' organization known as the Bistate Committee Against Casino Gambling in New York and New Jersey.

The committee came into being as a result of concern on the part of individuals of the New York Board of Trade over possible economic effects of casinos in New Jersey. Acting on their own, and not as the Board of Trade, they contacted Thomas B. Mechling, a Manhattan public relations consultant, and he organized the citizens' group that made the difference.

Mostly theirs was an educational campaign through radio interviews, spot announcements and news articles. But they also got a big boost via premature attacks by labor leaders and some legislators favoring the bill.

"You don't throw rocks at a mango tree until it bears fruit," commented Mechling.

The attacks heightened the committee's visibility, and helped rally the support of churches on the side of the committee. The rest is history. The vote was 1,013,849 for casino gambling; 1,542,-619 against.

Buoyed by its success, the Bistate Committee Against Casino Gambling is staying together, for the most part, as a continuing non-profit corporate entity on gambling information. Its new name: The National Commission on Gambling Information, Inc. Mechling is the chief officer. The address is 545 Madison Ave., 17th Floor, New York City 10022.

A Jesuit Fasts

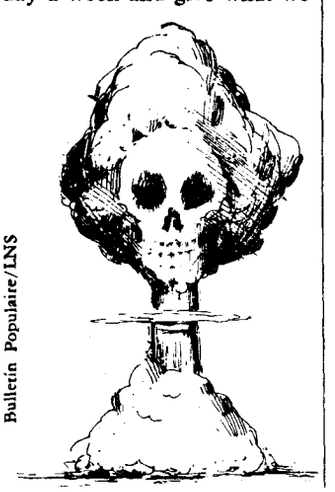
In an effort to dramatize the connection between the issues of world hunger and world weaponry—and convinced that one person can make a difference — Jesuit Father Edward J. Murphy of the New York Province went on a Thanksgiving-to-Christmas fast at Jonah House in Baltimore. His diet: nothing but water.

Midway through the fast, Murphy had dropped 22 pounds, and gained little media attention. His impact was by word of mouth, a few lectures in places like Philadelphia and New York, and a statement of purpose. Following are excerpts:

"Thanksgiving day is meant as a time to recall the blessings we have received as a nation. How do we show our thanks? By overeating? Should we not share our goods with those who are in need? We, 6 percent of the world's population, consume over 30 percent of the world's food. This is an insidious evil which must be stopped.

"On Christmas we recall the birth of Jesus. The Prince of Peace. How do we celebrate his birth? What have we as a nation done for the cause of peace? We have armed ourselves to the point where we can destroy the world 17 times over. We have spent $1 trillion (1,000 billion) on arms since 1945. We foster war around the world as an answer to people's needs. This is a long-lived evil which must be stopped. . . .

"Our world faces massive hunger and many deaths due to starvation this year, a year in which our country will spend $100 billion on 'defense.' What are we defending if it is not the right of people to eat? How can we as people face our God on these two days, or any other days, if we allow weapons to take precedence over people. We could be a blessing to the world, for those we call our brothers and sisters. Instead we are a curse. We must change. We must consume less and give more. We must stop the war and get about the process of feeding the hungry. Let all of us fast one day a week and give what we would spend on food to the hungry. Let us all resist the claims of the warmongers that guns are more important than food."



Bulletin Populaire/LNS

Try to Do It Now

The *Washington Post* obituary of G. Gould Lincoln, dean of Washington political reporters who died Dec. 1 at age 94, reminds again how changed is the world in one man's lifetime.

The obit reprinted reflections of Lincoln upon his formal retirement in 1964. Writing in the *Post*, Lincoln recalled dropping around to the White House one 1907 day to get some information from a Presidential secretary on some local news story.

"No guard was at the door," Mr. Lincoln wrote. "I had no card of identification, nor was one required. No receptionist was at the desk inside. I walked into the secretary's office and it was empty. On through the Cabinet room and the President's office.

"I was almost to the White House (residence) itself when I came to a small stairway leading up from the basement. Peering up at me was a sweater-clad, barrel-chested man, bespectacled, with a tennis racket in his hand. It was the President (Theodore Roosevelt). As he reached the top of the stairs, he grinned and asked: 'What do you want?' "

As he was to do throughout his career, Mr. Lincoln explained what information he was seeking, and went back to the office with his story.

Odds and Ends

— Among textbooks involved in the West Virginia school controversy is one in the Language of Man series containing a statement that the Hopi Indian language is "superior to English." Dissident members of the textbook review committee issued the following evaluation: "Un-American writings."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Boston Schools

Hyde Park, Mass.

To the Editors: Michael True's perceptive vision [Oct. 25] of the problems that deprive Boston School schildren of an adequate education is most welcome.

Unfortunately, Boston voters, because of misguided loyalty to the present five-member school committee who had promised to save them from integration, voted down an opportunity for community-controlled schools.

Incidentally, the Chairman of the present Boston School Committee who vowed repeatedly to go to jail before a single *white* child would be bussed never made good on his promise.

Because of the structure of the school committee, five members elected at large in a city-wide election, the probability of a minority candidate being elected is slight.

Meanwhile in the city, under a federal court order to desegregate, it's business as usual; non-cooperation bordering on non-compliance from the school committee and various school personnel. Increased overtime for Boston police officers charged with overseeing peaceful compliance, motorcades and demonstrations and budding political careers are prevalent among anti-busing forces.

In the meantime, many good teachers and school administrators, parents, community people and hopeful students strive for one goal, a quality education, taken for granted by most American children today.

LEONORA M. GRANT

Intercommunion

Chapel Hill, N.C.

To the Editors: The impression you give of the Episcopal Church ["Women Priests," Nov. 1] as being "barely distinguishable" from the Roman Catholic Church is simply not realistic. What you present is the ideal image of the

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POPE AND CHURCH–1975

The new year finds the institutional Roman Catholic Church, insofar as it is very imperfectly reflected in the concerns of its official head, properly occupied with questions of social justice—but anxious, worried, determined to survive without compromising its principles to the demands of changing times. Meanwhile it is gearing up for the 1975 "Holy Year," a tradition which, however spiritual its origin, now offers more inspiration to the international tourist industry than to the real needs of Christians.

It may be argued that Pope Paul VI, seventy-seven and reportedly ailing, should be exempt from criticism. Yet he has freely chosen to stay on the job past the retirement age he set for other bishops; he is still in charge and responsible; and there is still a sense in which his leadership does embody and affect us all. We are a family and we owe it to our father to speak to him honestly at any age. When the Pope speaks he speaks to an ever-dwindling constituency. Even when he is prophetically right, as he was when he bluntly told the World Food Conference that the rich, industrialized, heavily-armed and consumption-oriented nations seemed determined to deprive the weaker nations of their "just share of the earth's goods," he is disregarded—partly because selfish nations like our own have hard hearts, but largely because the papacy is no longer considered a strong moral force. In spite of the church's many institutional and individual charities and the Pope's wise exhortations, the church at large has been slow to accept the Pope's social doctrine and, on economic matters, Rome put little clout behind its pleas. Unfortunately too, Paul VI seems to feel that he must continually warn his people in public addresses about unnamed dissidents—probably relatively obscure Dutch and German theologians—who, in his view, threaten the unity of the church; and thus he inevitably projects himself as a harried worrier rather than a source of strength and hope.

The Pope remains a theological conservative and a social liberal. He treats the so-called "deposit of faith" as if it were a lump of gold in a strong-box

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to which he jealously guards the key—or even that talent which the over-prudent steward in the gospel kept buried in the ground. Therefore, a theology and social philosophy that should be integrated seem out of phase; and his concern for the poor, the starving and the oppressed of the Third World—a concern more advanced than that of many world leaders—is rendered limp by an out-dated ecclesiology, an inappropriate life-style, and an understanding of his own historical role that rob his sincerest and noblest moments of compassion and just outrage of their proper force.

Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of Paul VI's career is that, weighed down by both the richness and the refuse of tradition, he seems out of touch with the movement of history. History has an inexorable movement of its own, a thrust which many Christians believe is Providential, which—whatever the mess we make of it—inspires a little more hope than despair.

As a man of real intellectual brilliance and rare emotional warmth but who does not dialogue well with his own time, Paul VI would be better served by advisers who reminded him that true moral authority has nothing to fear from historical change and that false ideas are seldom fought well by laments or decrees. Then perhaps we will move closer to the reconciliation which is the stated goal of the Holy Year.

WASHINGTON REPORT

ULTIMATE TEST FOR REFORMERS

Democratic battalions of Congressional and party reformations have gained ground these last several years. Their accomplishments have not been inconsiderable. But their conclusive test has not yet been taken.

Party reform may be said to have begun ten years ago when an effort was made to dislodge the KKK-minded Mississippi Democratic delegation at the party's Presidential nominating convention in Atlantic City. A symbolic victory of sorts was achieved, although President Johnson viewed this uprising, as he did Robert Kennedy's appearance at that convention, as a personal affront. Actually, this delegation contest occurred in the context of the burgeoning civil-rights movement rather than in the context of a general political reform movement. However, it triggered an awareness of the unrepresentative character of other state delegations habitually being sent to the nominating conventions every four years—those in the north, west and east, as well as in the south.

The 1968 convention's gory goings-on generated the McGovern and O'Hara commissions. The first was designed to open the delegate-selection process in each state and the second, less known but also important, to provide greater equity in convention proceedings. The McGovern—later Fraser—Commission's recommendations did lead to demographically more representative state delegations when they gathered two years ago at the national convention.

But the Democratic party's High Churchmen never took kindly to the reformers, among whom are not only loyal Puritans, but also spoil-sports, bully boys and potential Separatists. Last month (December), for the first time, a party convention was held at Kansas City midway through the four-year Presidential term—the so-called "mini-convention." Opponents of reform tried to dunk the reforms, but with little success. This was not made clear in the reporting of obscurantist "how-many-angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin" debates among the delegates as to the difference between a "quota" and "affirmative action" in respect to assuring that women and minority groups are adequately represented in each state's convention delegation. The Bourbons of the party left Kansas City with a heavy case of the sulks, which should pass away in time for them to return to the 1976 convention to try to nominate their favorite, Senator Jackson of Washington.

At another level, Congressional reformers, many of whom sharply disagree with the party reformers, were also gaining ground last month. Democrats won 44 additional seats in the House of Representatives in the November elections. Incumbent Democrats (minus Rep. Wilbur Mills who was attending a well-covered burlesque show in Boston) and the newly elected Democrats, although not yet sworn-in, met in caucus in Washington. Americans for Democratic Action has indicated that the newly elected would have collectively scored about 60 percent on ADA-selected legislative issues compared to about 25 percent scored by those displaced. SANE reported in its November newsletter that when the new Congress convenes in mid-January, 41 percent of the membership will have declared themselves in favor of substantial reductions in Defense Department spending. The caucus reflected this changed attitude.

The caucus, of course, is not empowered to legislate. But a majority of its members did make substantial changes in the method of committee assignments and the means by which nominations to committees are ratified. It also agreed to enlarge the membership of crucial committees, including the Ways and Means Committee, which handles tax, welfare and health legislation. The Democratic members of the Committee were stripped of their additional powers to appoint other Democrats to other legislative committees. And, Mr. Mills, it was de-

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cided, will no longer be chairman of this committee; in fact, he may simply abandon his command post and resign from the House.

However, as was written in an earlier dispatch, change is not necessarily improvement. Rep. Ullman of Oregon, who is scheduled to be the new Ways and Means chairman, has grown increasingly less amenable to change since he first entered the House. He's capable of picking up where the intractable Mills left off. Furthermore, Speaker Albert, with his conspicuous failing as a leader, will remain in office. There are indications that the committee reforms and the strengthening of the Democratic Caucus, until recently an unused instrument of policy-making, may have been achieved as a result of political bargains not yet disclosed. The newly elected Democrats and similarly reformist Democrats, already seated in the House, could not have voted the reforms by themselves. Some old-timers, eager for power but not for reform, had to be enlisted. One report is that reform leaders may have enlisted Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio on some issues in return for supporting him for party leadership, even that of Speaker of the House at an appropriate time. That would be an exchange of a Neville Chamberlain for a Stanley Baldwin.

The newer Beowulf warriors of reform, many of them smart and able, seem not to have realized that the gains they achieved last month were a result of ground plowed years ago in lonely fashion by such as Reps. Bolling of Missouri and, later, Udall of Arizona.

The lyricism, the poetry, of change has ended; the prose has begun. The newer reformers, and many of the incoming members, have great stage presence, but when the TV klieg-lights are extinguished and the attentive reporters put away their notebooks, it will take men and women not superior in histrionics, but strong in the habits of command, in the legitimate ways of knowing when to bargain and how much to bargain for and what's achievable and what is not. A headline is not to be equated with a triumph of worthy legislation in the committee room. Not every member under 30 is by definition virtuous and capable in the ways of the House or every member with 30 years service without virtue or capability.

The party reformers also have a lesson to learn. Delegations, each arithmetically faithful to the diverse groupings in its state, bears little relationship to the substance of issues and the nomination of a progressive Presidential nominee who can win. A woman delegate can have the views of Clare Booth Luce as well as those of a Gloria Steinem. A black can have the views of Rep. Dellums or Booker T. Washington. Franklin Roosevelt was repeatedly nominated by highly "unrepresentative" convention delegations. One does not wish to return to such a situation, but some reformers returned from Kansas City talking as if an open delegate-selection process were a guarantee of a progressive Democratic party. Some Democratic reformers in the House are talking as if the caucus reforms were a guarantee of achieving tax reform and comprehensive health insurance coverage and housebreaking the petroleum companies.

This is mistaking form for substance. Voters want an effective Congress and constructive legislation. New faces and numerical changes are incapable of achieving these goals; these do not guarantee leadership. To suggest otherwise publicly, as some reformers are doing, is to court disaster for Democrats in the 1976 elections. For example, despite their welcome gains in caucus—a political apparatus—House reformers have yet to show signs of cohesion at the legislative level. Reformers by nature tend to be unruly —like a swarm of bees in search of a hive, as one reporter wrote. The reformers, House and Senate, have yet to produce qualified legislative leadership. And without such leadership, their electoral gains of this year may vanish as did similar gains in 1966.

SISYPHUS

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A QUESTION OF GOALS

BRITAIN ON THE BRINK

By now every Briton, and perhaps most Americans, know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's newest budget contains a heavy increase in the price of petrol, provision for the Confederation of British Industry of about half the money it asked for to get it out of the current mess, and a number of increases in social security benefits to compensate the poorest for the inevitable cost of living increases that will come in the wake of the budget. Naturally in a situation where everyone is hurt in some way or other, practically everyone screams. But to most reasonably objective commentators, it seems that the budget is about right as far as the immediate measures go. But everyone knows, of course, that budget proposals can only touch the fringes of even the most urgent problems. As for long-term considerations, despite Mr. Healey's claim that he has laid the foundation for a four-year strategy, there is very little that any mere budget can do. Indeed, I have just been listening to a European expert of the Hudson Institute predict that by the early 1980s, relatively speaking Britain will be in

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the position in which Spain has been for many decades: i.e., among the poorest and most miserable places to live in on the whole continental shelf. Furthermore, there is practically nothing we can do about this. The best we can hope for is a gradual improvement after 1980 or so.

Many people here seem to be in agreement that we need a radical economic, psychological and moral refit. This year's eminent BBC Reith lecturer, Dr. Dahrendorf (newly appointed principal of the London School of Economics), is only one who says so. On the same radio program I have just mentioned, a spokesman for the British Churches has spoken of a new campaign to help feed the hungry of the world by a systematic weekly fast. From another quarter I have also recently heard talk of the merits of going back to the old rule of one meatless day a week for the same cause. Most people recently interviewed on TV, when asked if they would be prepared to eat less meat if this meant helping the starving to survive, said they would—as long as they could be sure their sacrifices would, in fact, entail that the others benefited. But it was just this that they doubted. They did not, on the whole, believe that the current world-system was capable of ensuring any such thing.

To put it another way, I think that many people here would agree with Mr. Healey when he said—in a paragraph of his budget speech very little noticed by the mass media—that "the senseless accumulation of material goods of exactly the same type as the Western world has been producing since the war can no longer be regarded as the only guarantee of human happiness or the only measure of economic success." Yet the irony is that in the very same speech, he spoke of the overriding necessity of Britain's regaining her place in "the international league table." What he seems to mean by this is precisely that we have disastrously failed to accumulate, or persuade others to accumulate, just those very Western-type material goods as fast as our competitors. Here surely is one of the fundamental contradictions of contemporary capitalism: everyone knows that mere accumulation is not the measure either of happiness or even of economic success (this point is, I think, a very significant admission for the Chancellor to make) but nobody has yet produced an alternative that is both plausible and effective. May it not be that this is because it is not the difficulty of finding a yardstick that matters, but that *our very preoccupation with measurement* is the root of the trouble? That the very notion of "the international-league tables" is what is wrong? Once you see yourself in that kind of rat race, all other rat races will be added to you. The search for a different moral outlook—an outlook that will result, for example, in the fairer society that socialists like Denis Healey demand at home, and that humanity requires at the global level—is necessarily a search for a way of life that transcends the whole business of *measuring* economic health or personal happiness. For these things are essentially imponderables. At the level which counts now—that is the level of world economic survival—capitalism has once more shown that it is still, in all essentials, what Dickens said it was: Gradgrindery. And as Dickens also knew, the prevalence of Gradgrindery also meant the coming of *Hard Times*.

In his novel, Dickens' alternative to the world of Gradgrindery was provided by the circus—that is, 'the horse-riding.' Today, most of the horses are dead (though I did notice a few days ago that one brewery has just bought a couple of shire horses from a circus to use them for delivering beer to pubs). Meanwhile, I and my wife have made a start. We have just bought a second-hand bicycle made for two.

BRIAN WICKER

(Brian Wicker is Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Great Britain.)*

PUERTO RICO TODAY

AN ISLAND AT SEA

San Juan, P.R.

The day my quick jet flight from Washington landed here, only two local telephones seemed to work at one end of the big, crowded airport, the rationed city water supply was again cut off early that night because of a persistent drought, and a daily, monstrous traffic jam developed again near the airport entrance, where striking aircraft mechanics were picketing. For me, it conjured up something resembling *déjà vu*, and I gladly accepted the Tourism Department's offer of a free rum drink at its airport hospitality bar.

(Only the month before last [Nov., 1974], the National Guard was called out by the Governor to help protect water mains that had been sabotaged during a strike of government employes in the water agency. The National Guard was similarly mobilized during a strike of firemen and electrical workers in 1973.)

During the 11 years I lived in physically-attractive Puerto Rico, I pretty much took these problems in stride, viewing them as the predictable growth pains of a rapidly developing society which had yearly scored some remarkable economic gains.

In those years I saw frequent electric power failures, a noisy San Juan become even noisier, horrendous traffic

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tie-ups (called *tapones*), and a mercurial telephone service that tried, really tried, but simply became overwhelmed by problems. But I also saw, in addition to a beautiful tropical island, some dedicated, idealistic people in government and an impressive economic growth rate that hovered yearly at 10 percent—right up there with Israel's and Japan's success stories.

It was an exciting time to watch, to become part of, a struggling society which was coping with too many people (now some 2.8 million) living on a small island that had few natural resources, with a staggering unemployment rate of at least 12 percent (and probably much higher), with poverty on a wide scale, with obvious inequities in the distribution of wealth and income. In similar, Third World-type societies, there might have been armed revolution, or guerrilla activity in the mountains.

But Puerto Rico went the peaceful "revolution without bullets" route. During the early 1960s, as a newspaperman I interviewed many visiting representatives from developing countries in Africa, Asia and the Caribbean, who were eager to see just what its "Operation Bootstrap" economic miracle here was supposed to be all about. Most were impressed. Some wondered about that curious "commonwealth" relationship with the United States that Puerto Rico opted for—rather than statehood or independence—in free elections. "But where is the sovereignty?" one middle-echelon diplomat from Algeria asked me at the time.

That same question, in various forms, is being asked again and again here. It has helped produce a political schizophrenia and polarization, a love-hate relationship with the island, that is becoming pervasive. There are frequent complaints here about a purported decline in the quality of life, about a malaise, about a lethargy of the spirit that has supposedly spread gloom over a once vigorous, vibrant society (but a society still far less frenetic, less emotionally traumatic than much of the urbanized U.S. mainland). The editor of the English-language *San Juan Star*, Andrew Viglucci, wrote in his Sunday column of July 21 that "There is uncertainty, confusion and wariness in Puerto Rico today because the internal situation and because of worldwide inflation and instability."

Banco Popular, Puerto Rico's largest bank, has reported that in the first quarter of 1974, the island's Gross Product grew 7.8 percent, but "when adjusted to present prices, in real growth, the result was negative by almost 2 percent." And the fiscal year recently ended with an official negative growth rate. A negative growth rate is simply unheard of here—never mind the fact that the inflationary spiral on the U.S. mainland is largely to blame. It proves once again the old saying here that when the United States catches a cold, Puerto Rico gets pneumonia. According to Banco Popular, "Inflation continued unabated during this quarter, reaching an increase of 21 percent over last year."

Consider that: a 21-percent inflationary spiral in just one year, on an island where the per capita income is about half that of Mississippi's, the poorest state in the Union. Where the Fiat sports car I paid $4,300 for last February in Pennsylvania was on display at San Juan International Airport in July with a sticker price of $6,995. Where the appalling shacks that Oscar Lewis wrote about in *La Vida* still stand in glaring contrast to the clusters of new high-rise office buildings and condominiums in San Juan.

It is a situation where, for example, the recent Watergate uproar just didn't have the same impact here as it did on the mainland. Indeed, the letters-to-the-editor columns here reflected almost an indifference to Watergate and the fall of Richard Nixon. Instead, the columns, the letters, the editorials seem mostly concerned—as always—with local politics to such an extent—some call it political pollution—that other more creative energies seem overwhelmed, neglected.

There may be a lesson in all of this for other developing countries. It may be that once the mystique of the revolution—in Puerto Rico's case, the rapid economic, social and political progress of a generation ago—largely evaporates due to the emergence of a generally conservative middle-class with its rising expectations, its coveting of conspicuous consumption, upward mobility and peer-group competitiveness, the government will become increasingly pressured to ignore social and political inequities and to concentrate instead on the nuts-and-bolts problems of everyday life: collecting the garbage, making the buses run on time, keeping down taxes.

In Puerto Rico's case, that's a pity, because so much still needs to be done in dealing structurally with unemployment, poverty, distributive justice and overpopulation, and the imaginative, pro-commonwealth administration of 37-year-old Governor Rafael Hernandez Colon seems committed to those ends.

For example, the administration, which is now seeking greater political autonomy from the U.S. and which came to power in 1972 with 51 percent of the vote, has bought the much-criticized Puerto Rico Telephone Company from International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation and is negotiating to buy the three container-ship cargo lines serving the island—a move designed to control vital maritime shipping rates.

But there is far from unanimous support for these measures, especially from the growing middle-class which tends to favor statehood. For an island in transition, an island trying to regain a sense of purpose, it is part of a real dilemma, and there is no easy or quick answer. Only problems.

RONALD WALKER

(Ronald Walker, who was editorial-page editor of the San Juan Star *until last November, teaches at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.)*

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JOHN FANDEL

CONSEQUENCE

I

How we live long with pain, in limb or mind,
With grief, with fears, all their close next of kin,
Should make us Saints. But for the grace of God
There go I without a care in the world,
Tourist of the postlapsarian day—
I said my prayers, ate my daily bread—
Taking a stroll on eastofeden lawns.
Lord, my bones melt, my flesh as waxen, damps
Blotting paper. Send Thou, O most holy
Ghostly maker, spirit for clay like this.
Firm me. Let me look upon my shadow
Yet one more day, once more, one sun again.

The singing birds have found the quiet trees
Wherein they rest unruffled as the breeze.

II

Not in whole mornings, noons, long afternoons,
Evenings lingering towards dusky stars,
Nor night still moonshine pearling into dawn,
Do the whole sequences of joy remain
Images, recollected; snapshot scenes,
Slides of the memory preserve the days
Darkling, as chinks in castellated walls
Let sequins of light through as if light were
Dispensing fireflies to disperse the dark,
Medieval eras of primeval mind
We know contemporaneous as now
In flicks of sun on quartz, a drop of dew.

The willow dells of shade screen petals, bare
Glimpse of a flower, tens on thousands there.

III

We are more than we are in what we are.
A sum of summers simmers in our blood;
Winters of wrack and wear add up to years—
Not to tally spring false in the pulse.
Autumn speaks for itself in what time tells.
What seems to be forgotten is assumed;
We'd be quite other than we are for that.
Least likeliest has burgeoned into be.
(All we have passed through is a part of us.)
I put these platitudes upon the line
As fresh as they were Adam's taking stock
Of what he was as what we are in all.

A cricket strumming night into a surd
Is for some seconds in blurred millions heard.

IV

Working a task into a loss of self
That not the least bright second of a life
Lessens to make us other than the act,
Praying, weeding, mechanics of the world,
Or lost in music, art, a lyric line,
This makes the whole, summed parts can never add,
A happiness in being unaware,
A happiness without identity,
A joy without the consciousness of joy,
The purity, the perfect realm of peace
We know sometimes uninterrupted, so
Being more selved than we imagine it.

A lily floating on calm water will
Appear to be its own reflection still.

V

Pretend a day from dawn to midnight, fair
In all a day can be, a life, in light
Waxed from the first glow into risen stars,
A day of perfect parts of the flawed days,
And let this day stand for a life. Sometimes
The pieces are the whole of anything,
As in a shard of crystal, spheres of world
Become the world, a sphere wherein to see
Eternity restored in points of it,
And we, at last, no matter but its point
Focused so fine, forgotten is to be,
As midnight stops upon the dark of dawn.

An owl is hooting in the local wood
That day will be and shall be understood.

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PROFESSION AND COMMITMENT

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Our institutions are extensions of ourselves and when they seem to be rocking on their foundations—church, school, family, government, banks, stock market—we wake in the night feeling queasy, as if the very law of gravity were suspended. Recent news from the field of education is, therefore, very welcome. Some of our institutions there are in better shape than we have thought.

AGB Reports, the organ of the Association of Governing Boards, (that is, boards of trustees of colleges and universities) included an analysis of the survival rate among independent colleges. Dire predictions have been common as government funding declined, endowments shrank in the stock and bond market, and alumni looked to their own problems. To many persons the prospects of losing their schools can be disorienting, even shattering. One of the moorings is gone, one of the formative structures which gave shape to identity.

It was encouraging then to read that of 2,000 colleges only fifty had closed in the last year, and a large number of those had always been marginal, in any case. Others were very young institutions, probably founded to take advantage of the great influx of students into the colleges in the '50s and '60s. Most other institutions, although in need and going through many adjustments, were stable. Almost as many new institutions had opened as had foundered.

Another note, even more cheering to a trustee of a woman's college like myself, was sounded in the reports that women's colleges are reviving and even increasing in numbers. My own college, St. Catherine's in St. Paul, has reached a record high in enrollment. A number of other Catholic women's colleges have encouraging things to report also, according to an article by Sister Catherine Hare in *NCR,* (October 25, 1974).

The phenomenon has been ascribed to the current feminism, but one skeptical alumna of a woman's college was not so sure. "It's still the father who pays," she sniffed, "and I think a lot of upset conservative fathers are still trying to protect their daughters from this new world."

The latter view ignores the fact there has been a *return* to women's colleges after a great rush for co-education and that, in the very recent past, women's colleges had a real struggle to stay women's colleges and not become co-educational themselves.

It seems to me that the old reasons for choosing a woman's college are still valid and have been re-affirmed. In women's colleges or in institutions which provide a similar environment, women can rest from playing their expected role and develop as individuals. If they are athletic, they can be athletes; if they are leaders, they have the opportunity to lead; if they are fascinated with a field of study, they can concentrate on it. They are persons first, women second. Some day that may be possible everywhere, but not yet.

A closer look at the specifically Catholic women's colleges suggests some other interesting things. Most of the strong survivors have been colleges with a long history, identified by place and name and not just as a "work" of one religious order, have a devoted body of alumnae and lay faculty, and have earned places in the world of education. And, although their presidents are capable women (even men in a few cases!) none of these colleges depends on one charismatic name. The presidents are backed by a strong faculty. It may not have always been the language of the brochures and the baccalaureate addresses but they have been primarily institutions for the education of women, not agencies of the Church. (And in contributing thus to the maturing of personality, served the Church and the world better thereby.)

There has been no research with which I am familiar on the correlation between the work of individual religious sisters' colleges and the exodus from religious communities in the last fifteen years. But various communities have noted that there has been less loss among nuns teaching in colleges—especially among those who might be said to have, formally or informally, tenured faculty positions.

There is an obvious conclusion: these women are happy in their work, and they are willing to continue in the community which has made that work possible. I think there are deeper reasons. The same personal fulfillment, the sense of personal worth and worth to the institution, the fruitful interrelationships with students and colleagues which are the result of professional growth in a college teacher may also be maturing factors in her relationship to her community. A teacher in a good college cannot help but be cognizant of the way in which his or her personal effectiveness is extended by the college as a living institution, by its history, by its ongoingness. She may be able to transfer this sense in a meaningful way to the community which brought the college into being. (This is not to say that nuns in other works have not been able to do the same thing; however, one of the reasons most often given for leaving by both priests and nuns has been the feeling that they were wasting lives and talents.) In the college life, an alliance of professionals, it is easy to see the balance which must be struck between the work of the individual and the work of the institution.

Sister Jean Noehrle, president of

(Continued on page 309)

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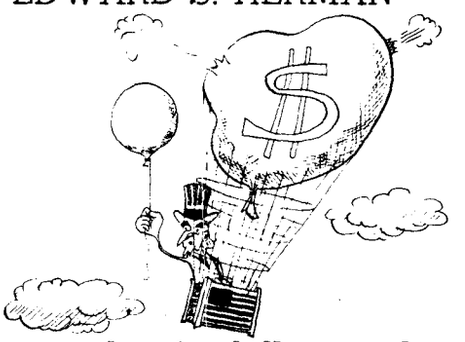
THE INCOME 'COUNTER-REVOLUTION'

EDWARD S. HERMAN



Who gets what in dollars and cents

ACCORDING to Arthur F. Burns, writing in 1951, the "transformation in the distribution of our national income . . . may already be counted as one of the great social revolutions of history." This view was echoed in *Fortune* and other vehicles of conventional opinion, and it has been widely accepted in the intellectual community from the Truman era to the present. The "revolution" was deduced from a relative decline in the share of income going to the top 1 and 5 percent of income-receiving units in the U.S. between 1929 and 1945, a decline which also led to great expectations for New Deal type reformism in further reducing inequality. Belief in a continuation of the revolution was also based on the greater inequality observed in poor countries, which brought forth Rostowian-type stage theories in which growth would lead to affluence and equality as part of a "natural" process applicable throughout the world of free markets.

These optimistic doctrines and pronouncements had an important political and ideological function in the Cold War environment of the post-1945 era. They pointed to capitalism and "free world" membership as an assured source of income and distributional improvement, and thus as the proper route for peoples who might otherwise be tempted by radical alternatives. In Rostow's system, and in orthodox trade theory, "aid" and private international capital flows would serve as supplements helping to bring about sustained growth in the underdeveloped countries and "factor price equalization" as between rich and poor lands. A continuing income revolution was thus envisaged both for the U.S. and its friends and clients.

Both the political and economic analyses underlying these perspectives were superficial, and their narrow empirical base has crumbled under the impact of a quarter century of experience. This article focuses on some of the recent evidence on changes in income distribution, both between and within countries, and some neglected factors which may have contributed to the results. The latter suggest that in our era of rapid economic growth, inflation, increasing political conservatism, and the spread of the military junta in the Third World (frequently under U.S.-sponsorship), income distribution has become more unequal to a degree that makes it reasonable to characterize the past three decades as an era of "income counter-revolution."

MEASUREMENT of income inequality is fraught with difficulties, both conceptual and because of data limitations. Even in the U.S., where relatively extensive and dependable information is collected on incomes, there are serious deficiencies in available data. Much of it is gathered in connection with IRS tax collections, in which case incomes leaking through tax loopholes are often excluded by the definition of taxable income. Thus, unrealized capital gains and interest on tax-exempt bonds do not show up in these data; and incomes transformed into expense accounts do not appear as income. The Census Bureau also collects sample data on earnings, but again, unrealized capital gains and expense accounts are not "earnings."

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In assessing trends based on official statistics it is important to recognize that tax "avoidance" (legal) and "evasion" (illegal) are not only a prerogative mainly of the upper-income classes, but are functionally related to both time and the level of tax rates. That is, as time elapses tax lawyers, wealthy individuals, and business firms devise new ways of reducing tax liabilities, and the higher the tax rates the greater the incentives to escape taxation. "Attrition" of the tax system may also result from deliberate legislative creation of loopholes, frequently done on the ground that the solution to one inequitable privilege is the granting of an equalizer to some other insistent party. Attrition is reflected, for example, in the fact that the effective tax rate paid by commercial banks declined from 38.3 percent to 16.8 percent between 1961 and 1972. Another illustration is the tax status of Americans working overseas, who have been exempt from U.S. taxes on the first $20,000 of income for the first three years of working abroad, after which the exemption rises to $25,000. It was recently disclosed that overseas Americans have also been able to escape British income taxation, because they have been held liable only for taxes on income received *in* Britain. The threat of Labor government elimination of this windfall has revealed that many Americans and their employers have arranged for salaries to be paid into U.S. banking accounts—by which means incomes are not received in Britain—with the employees borrowing money from U.S. banks if necessary to finance living expenses. This tax dodge is illustrative of a flexibility in working the crevices of the tax system that is not available to the lower 90 percent of income-receiving units.

Another difficulty in assessing income distribution trends is conceptual. Even if the share of income going to the lowest 20 percent is constant, or even falling, their absolute levels of income may rise if aggregate income is increasing. Thus, even if inequality in the literal sense remains constant, or even increases, it is at least debatable whether the welfare of the poor may not still be improving. With stable or increasing inequality, for example, there may be a decline in the number of individuals or families who fail to meet some minimum living standard—who fall below a "poverty line"—and are thus said to constitute a social ill and problem on the basis of some concept of need. This "social welfare" approach to income distribution, however, at least as it has been applied in the U.S., has been based on a rather arbitrary and low minimum required budget, which allows little or no room for leisure, minor luxury, and status-sustaining expenditures that are essential to a sense of well-being in a consumerist society. This arbitrary line tends to be biased downward for class reasons, including a simple desire on the part of the affluent to minimize payments for the needy (often based on poverty line definitions). If "social necessities" rise with increasing consumption opportunities, poverty lines will have a downward bias for this reason as well. Poverty line budgets also rest on the assumption that people at the lower end of the income scale have the time, energy, motivation, resources and information to shop with high efficiency. This assumption is contrary to well-known facts.

Finally, if satisfaction is a function of relative position as well as absolute income, then people in the lower-income brackets may be "worse off" (less satisfied, more alienated) even with rising absolute income. That is, the gap may have widened between income received and income required to supply strongly felt wants (based on what the affluent now consume, a matter rapidly communicated by salesmanship to all potential buyers). As absolute income rises certain basic physical needs and comforts can more readily be met, but even in a rich society like the U.S. vast numbers have sub-standard housing, inadequate medical care, and even nutritional deficiencies. This is a result of both the structure of income and our excessive reliance on the market for its disposition. The market has long failed to perform satisfactorily in supplying cheap basic necessities such as housing and primary medical care. Homes are rarely produced in the U.S. on a mass production basis to meet low income needs, and the poor can only afford hand-me-downs in various stages of decay. Medical services are provided almost exclusively by highly trained, certified, and expensive practitioners, so that the poor obtain such services only sporadically and *after* the onset of illness. The great social costs of inadequate preventive medical care and poor, overcrowded lower-income housing, with cumulative deterioration and ghettoization of large urban enclaves, and major health and morale effects on happiness and work efficiency, are not taken into account by private enterprise. They are what economists call "externalities," much discussed but treated as "exceptions" to market beneficence and underrated in importance.

Obviously, where there are large numbers on the margin of subsistence or comfort, the capture of even a proportionate share of rising income by the upper income brackets is contrary to general welfare interests, even if absolute incomes of the poor are increasing. This implies not only that larger absolute increases in income go to the more affluent but that relative inequalities remain intact. Insofar as equality is a goal in itself, and a condition for a less competitive, less growth-oriented society, stable income shares under conditions of substantial inequality

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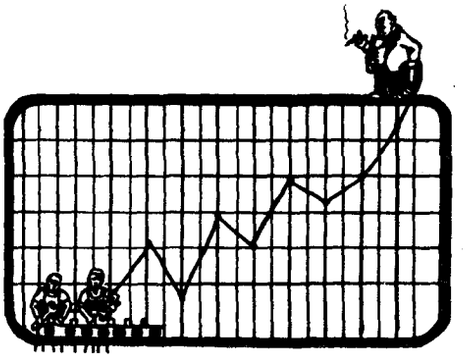
mean at best holding the line, not moving closer to a major end.

THE "one world" of Second World War euphoria has obviously not materialized. Among the many ways of looking at the fractured world of our day, one that has become commonplace is the division between the "rich," "developed" nations and the "poor," "under" or "less developed" countries (LDCs) of the "Third World." Contrary to the expectations of many, this division has sharpened since 1945 as the rich countries have, on average, grown faster in per capita incomes than the poor lands. (The expectation of a shrinking differential was based in part on the belief that Western technology could work productivity miracles in the now "aware" Third World, a belief which reflected a failure to grasp the nature and intractability of the institutional obstacles to development widely prevalent in the LDCs.)

Gunnar Myrdal wrote in 1968 that "it is abundantly clear that the discrepancy between the economic well-being of the haves and the have-nots, so far as South Asia is concerned, is rapidly widening." Data extending beyond Asia on rates of growth of real per capita income for the period 1950-1971 indicate that the rich countries of the "free world" continue to grow somewhat faster than the poor. Given the enormous initial income discrepancies between rich and poor, this means that the absolute income gains in the rich countries are huge, and steadily widening, relative to those in the poor countries: the 3.6 percent rate of per capita real gain for the developed countries, 1960-1971, applied to the 1959 per capita U.S. figure of $2,830, represents a per person increment of $102 a year; the 3.1 percent rate for LDCs, applied to India's base of about $80, represents an increment of $2.48. It will be noted that the U.S. per person *increment* exceeds the original *total* per capita income figure for India.

There is little basis for optimism that increasing world inequality will be reversed in the near future. It is true that oil profits have bolstered the position of some relatively underdeveloped countries, such as Iran, Saudi Arabia and Indonesia, but others have suffered in the same process. Among them oil importers like India and Pakistan have been unable even to sustain their unsatisfactory growth rates of earlier years and show signs of stagnation and even retrogression. The worldwide rise in the price of food and other raw materials has had a mixed impact on poor countries, depending on their structure of imports and exports, but on balance it has been unfavorable. And its damaging effects have been greatest on the poorest (India, Pakistan, Sub-Saharan Africa), often suffering from elemental hunger and dependent on a shrinking external largesse.

A few of the totalitarian free enterprise LDCs such as Brazil, Iran, Indonesia and South Korea have grown rapidly in recent years, but by a process combining the turning over of a large part of development to external interests and ignoring or deliberately depressing the condition of the underlying population. (The income distribution effects of this phenomenon are discussed in the next section.) The military plays a large role in these societies and absorbs a large fraction of aid plus increments to social output. The recent huge arms sale arranged by the Pentagon with Iran, a country with a 70 percent illiteracy rate, involving $2.5 billion in advanced planes, helicopters and missiles, is a reminder of the sobering fact that arms purchases in the Third World are growing twice as rapidly as its overall economic growth. This not only involves huge direct waste that these countries cannot afford, it also has an obvious socio-political component, helping to keep the



lid on any internal challenges to the rule of traditional elites. As U.S. direct intervention recedes, in response to the impact of Vietnam, the capacity of neo-colonial elites to protect themselves from their own people must be enlarged accordingly.

In sum, as a recent study by Irving Kravis notes, there is a "growing polarization of income levels in the world," with three-fifths of the human race having per capita incomes of $310 or less a year and the gap between rich and poor nations increasing. "The inescapable conclusion," says Kravis, "is that the benefits of economic progress have been confined to a minority of the world's population." And by and large the trade-investment-aid package offered by the West has provided neither adequate growth nor minimally humane social orders among Free World LDCs.

NOT only has growth been slow on the average among the poor countries, income distribution within them has tended to become more unequal. In their recent invaluable study of this subject, *Economic Growth and Social Equity in Developing*

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Countries, Irma Adelman and Cynthia Taft Morris state in their preface that "The results of our analyses came as a shock to us . . . we had shared the prevailing view that economic growth was economically beneficial to most nations. We had also not greatly questioned the relevance today of the historical association of successful economic growth with the spread of parliamentary democracy. Our results proved to be at variance with our preconceptions." On the basis of an elaborate analysis of data for 43 LDCs, they found that,

> The position of the poorest 60 percent typically worsens, both relatively and absolutely, when an initial spurt of narrowly based dualistic growth is imposed on an agrarian subsistence economy . . . The gains of the top 5 percent are particularly great in very low income countries where a sharply dualistic structure is associated with political and economic domination by traditional or expatriate elites.

The idea of temporary regression in mass welfare at some stage in the growth process had been suggested earlier by Kuznets and others on the basis of Western historical evidence. But recent developments have been based on special factors of the modern era and may not be a passing abnormality or transitional phase of the growth process. A number of these special factors arise from the extreme division of today's world into rich and poor countries and the ready communication and unequal power relations among them. One factor is the extent to which the aggressive development and marketing of new consumer goods by rich countries to local poor country elites results in a perverse "international demonstration effect," which absorbs in autos, gasoline, roads, gadgets, and luxury housing resources that might otherwise contribute to basic development. These elites "need" any growth dividend to meet a rising international consumption standard, so that with sufficient force at their command they may capture all surpluses and even depress further the real incomes of the masses (frequently via inflation in a context of downward pressures on money wages).

As just implied, a second factor is the ability and willingness of these elites to use force to assure their privileged command over income. Where they are actually threatened with income redistribution downward via democratic processes, the termination of democracy in favor of "order" and "austerity" is a foregone conclusion (*vide* Brazil, Uruguay, and even more conspicuously, Chile). And the threats to domination by privileged elites tend to be greater today than in the early years of Western capitalist development, again partly because of the duality between rich and poor countries and the spread of ideas and knowledge of the possibilities of a better life for both rich and poor alike (although by radically different processes).

Another special factor in the modern era has been the efforts of the rich countries to shape the post-colonial developments in the Third World, not according to their own image, as in the common cliché, but according to their interest. This has meant interventionist efforts to create and sustain a neo-colonial elite. As the greatest world power after 1945, the U.S. has been the leader in this process. Despite a mass of rhetoric claiming devotion to democracy and self-determination, the clear essence of U.S. policy has been the unremitting support of counter-revolution in this age of Third World upheaval. A community of interest has united Third World elites and the leaders of the U.S., resulting in a huge influx of military and intelligence "aid" into the LDCs, occasional violent intrusions (Vietnam, the Dominican Republic), and a steady general support for conservative, increasingly military-dominated regimes.

The building up of a large neo-colonial military force, linked to the U.S. by training and material aid, has had as its main purpose the provision of an "insurance policy" against internal social revolution. The community of interest rests on the need of Third World elites for external support, given their lack of any mass domestic constituency; and, on the U.S. side, the interest of the leadership both in the "open door" for its expanding economy and dependable political allies. Bankers Trust, as well as the Pentagon, is "bullish on Brazil" under junta auspices (quoting a recent widely placed ad by the bank)—its open door is wide, its support of U.S. leadership is reliable, and its use of torture and stifling of a democratic order does not bother either Bankers Trust or the military. Nor are they unduly troubled by the fact that the Brazilian income distribution has worsened markedly under the junta, the relative share of the richest 5 percent increasing from 29 percent in 1960 to 38 percent in 1970, the real income of the poorest 40 percent falling absolutely.

The Dominican Republic provides an even clearer case study of the regressive impact of U.S. policy on the distribution of income and wealth in poor countries subject to dominant U.S. influence. In that client state hunger is rampant, with much of the potentially rich agricultural land unused or misused, and with fewer than 1 percent of the farmers owning 47.5 percent of the land, many of the rest operating under semi-feudal tenure conditions. A *Wall Street Journal* report (Sept. 9, 1971) cites one foreign economic expert as saying that "Per capita income is about the same as before 1965, but it's less equitably distributed." The invasion of 1965, however, preserved a large U.S. investment stake, and tax subsidies and low wages have encouraged a consider-

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able further influx. Low wages are assured by stagnation plus U.S.-supported terror. Even the *Wall Street Journal* noted that "the [U.S.] embassy has done nothing publicly to dissociate itself from the terror. The U.S. continues to provide substantial aid, including training, equipment and arms to the Dominican police and army." And the *Journal* also described the more specific ways in which repression affects the class distribution of income:

> When a union attempted to organize construction workers at a foreign-owned ferronickel mill project last year, Mr. Balaguer sent in the army to help straighten things out. While the soldiers kept order, the contractor fired 32 allegedly leftist leaders . . . The strike was broken in eight days.

The *Wall Street Journal* also reported the use of army troops in the Dominican Republic to evict peasants from land needed for the construction of a plush foreign-owned vacation resort in which George Meany, among others, had an interest; which may have added something personal to Meany's well-known acquiescence in the crushing of free unionism in America's client states.

Adelman and Morris found socio-political factors to be of great importance in explaining cross-country differences in income distribution; in case after case, "the more firmly entrenched the expatriate financial, commercial and technical elite, the greater the concentration of income in the hands of the top 5 percent. . . .;" and "broad-based economic growth provides a way to achieve redistribution only where accompanied by social and educational development as well as substantial broadening of political participation."

In brief, then, income distribution has tended to worsen in the poor countries of the Free World because rapid growth has generated wealth that has been used not to improve the condition of the masses but to serve the growing consumption needs of a neo-colonial elite. The preservation of their position has required a costly diversion of resources into the military (the "insurance policy") and a subordination of development and welfare needs to the consumption-oriented demands of U.S. open-door entrants and affluent domestic consumers. Lon Nol, Thieu, Park, Balaguer, Suharto, Marcos, etc., all have in common institutionalized venality, terrorization of the masses, and service to the needs of "the expatriate financial, commercial, and technical elites" specified by Adelman and Morris as tied in closely with a worsening income distribution. The Nixon Doctrine formalized a support of such regimes, which was, however, in practical effect well before Nixon and is being continued under the Ford Administration.

THE distribution of income in the United States is highly unequal, and has changed little in this respect since the end of World War II. As may be seen in the accompanying Table, the bottom fifth of families in 1972 had only 5.4 percent, the top 20 percent had 41.4 percent, and the highest 5 percent had 15.9 percent of money income. These figures refer to a narrowly defined pre-tax money income, however, which includes welfare payments but excludes (among other things) realized or unrealized capital gains and the impact of taxes on income shares. The last two columns of the Table show how important some of these differences may be in influencing the degree of inequality. They are taken from a recent study by Pechman and Okner, who use data for the year 1966 to make a great many of the corrections necessary for a fuller picture of pre-tax income. Incorporating wage supplements, capital gains, the value of the services of owner-occupied homes, and indirect business taxes, they found that these adjustments not only raised average income by almost 60 percent, but had "a dramatic effect on the distribution of income." It reduced the share of the poorest fifth by 0.6 percent and increased that of the upper fifth by 5.3 percentage points. The Pechman-Okner adjusted data show a significantly greater degree of inequality than the commonly used Census money income figures.

The Table also suggests that the U.S. distribution of income has remained approximately constant since World War II. Between 1947 and 1972, the share of the top 5 percent of families declined from 17.5 percent to 15.9 percent or by 1.6 percentage points. In 1947 the lowest fifth of families received 5.1 percent of money income, the highest 43.3 percent,

Money Income Shares in the United States
Adjusted and Unadjusted,
for Selected Years Since World War II

	1947[1] %	1972[1] %	1966[2] %	1966 Adjusted[2] %
Lowest Fifth	5.1	5.4	4.3	3.7
Second Fifth	11.8	11.9	11.3	9.9
Third Fifth	16.7	17.5	17.3	16.1
Fourth Fifth	23.2	23.9	24.5	22.6
Highest Fifth	43.3	41.4	42.6	47.9
Top 5%	17.5	15.9	16.0	22.1

Sources: (1) U.S. Bureau of Census, Current Population Reports, "Money Income in 1972 of Families and Persons in the United States," 1973, p. 45.

Sources: (2) Joseph A. Pechman and Benjamin Okner, *Who Bears the Tax Burden?*, Brookings, 1974, p. 46.
These computations were made from a 1967 Survey of Economic Opportunity and other sample data for 1966.

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slightly more unequal than in 1972. But given the post-1947 increase in, and use of, loopholes—the system of "creeping preferences"—and the rise of more regressive state and local taxes, it is probable that the slight equalization of pre-tax money income would be at least offset by appropriate adjustments. As a transformation in income shares, therefore, the "revolution" was over by the time it was discovered. The rather modest 1929-1945 transformation, furthermore, was essentially a redistribution from the very top to the middle-income classes, with the relative position of the bottom fifth unchanged.

With roughly constant shares since 1947, real incomes of the lowest fifth have risen in proportion to the total, and numbers below the poverty line have diminished. The 1974 *Economic Report of the President* focuses on the fact that the number of persons below the line has declined from 39.5 million in 1959 to only 24.5 million in 1972, or from 22 percent to "only" 12 percent of the population. If poverty line definitions are biased downward, however, if relative incomes are important determinants of welfare, and if equality is an ideal that carries weight and has social consequences in its own right, then very limited satisfaction can be derived from trends in poverty line numbers.

Given roughly constant shares, the gap between rich and poor in the U.S. has actually risen substantially. The median (middle) income of the top fifth of families (in 1969 dollars) was $10,565 higher than that of the bottom fifth in 1947; it was $19,071 higher in 1969 and has since crossed the $20,000 mark. Thus the huge growth dividend of recent decades has been used to reinforce and increase inequality. As in Brazil, Indonesia and South Vietnam, both the affluent consumer and the military are treated with solicitude and command an unreasonably large share of increments to social output. "Benign neglect" of the underclass, and social polarization, are the natural counterparts of this system of priorities.

In the U.S. the really depressed underclass is relatively small, but so is the group receiving the benefits from the system of creeping tax preferences. As Philip Stern points out in his *Rape of the Taxpayer*, only 1 in 100 taxpayers gets any substantial income from capital gains, and only 1 in 10 gets *any* such income, yet the Congress persists in taxing capital gains only half as severely as wage and salary income. Stern explains this as a result of the extreme dependence of politicians on campaign funding by the wealthy. At least as important is the domination of the media by the upper 5 percent of income receivers and their refusal to focus on income distribution and tax inequities as first-order issues. This has helped pacify the blue and white collar classes, who have also received enough benefits, hope, and opportunities for "making it," as well as ideological conditioning, to identify with the system and its prime beneficiaries. These middle- and lower-middle-classes have become more restive in the last few years under the pressure of inflation, declining real wages and the political lessons of Watergate. But the options offered to them by their leaders, the media, and the political system, are exceedingly narrow, and the issue of "crime in the streets," a self-fulfilling product of benign neglect, preoccupies many. (Contrary to Michael Novak, this issue is a tool serviceable only to the diversionary efforts of status quo politicians—or worse.)

There are some indications of a regression in relative income shares in recent years. According to Peter Henle of the U.S. Department of Labor, earnings data show "a slow but persistent trend toward greater inequality in a period, 1958-1970, of steadily rising incomes." The slight decline of money income of the top 5 percent and 20 percent of families reversed itself about 1967 and edged upward through 1972, and the share of the lowest fifth peaked in 1968-69. Average weekly spendable real earnings of production workers in the U.S. declined or remained stationary in five of the eight years 1966-73. The *Economic Report of the President* chose not to feature the interesting statistic showing that the decline in numbers below the poverty line ended in 1969, rose in 1970 and 1971 and returned to the 1969 level in 1972. The recent sharp upswing in prices has almost certainly reduced the real incomes of the lower two-fifths of income-receiving units since 1972.

The stable shares of the pre-Nixon years was based on consensus politics plus expansionary full employment policies, rooted mainly in military expenditures. Even before Nixon, tight money under Johnson had pushed interest rates up to new heights, with direct upward income redistribution effects and a depressant (regressive) impact on new middle-income housing—lower-income housing was already negligible. Johnson also introduced the large-scale use of social welfare "quiescence"-inducing programs to the middle- and lower-income-classes, financed out of their own pockets by regressive social security taxes. Nixon continued this scheme while also systematically eliminating direct federal contributions to health, education and welfare ("fat").

With Nixon, business domination of government reached a pinnacle reminiscent of the 1920s, and a deliberate "income counter-revolution" was begun and accelerated in the early second term. This was most clearly reflected in the 1974 budget, billed in Nixon double-speak as returning "power to the people"! Nixon's early reliance on tight money and un-

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employment to control inflation, if carried out with sufficient vigor, might have weakened labor's bargaining position; and his restructuring of government expenditures and taxes at the expense of the weak and poor was an important and partially successful effort at getting the income distribution back to the 1929 degree of inequality. Nixon never possessed sufficient power, however, to use unemployment and state force to really weaken the unions enough to make a dent in inflation from that direction.

The fiscal regression process was slowed up by the sapping of Nixon's political strength and the accompanying disarray of his allies. It is an unsettled question whether Nixon's problems arose out of Watergate, or whether Watergate proved so tenacious because of Nixon's failures on the domestic economic front. With the post-election dismantling of his jerry-built structure of controls, Nixon ran out of easy opponents and opportunistic policies. The truck drivers were more difficult to cope with than the peace marchers, and like Herbert Hoover before him, Nixon simply exhausted the supply of feasible conservative options. The less aggressive, more open, but equally conservative Mr. Ford has shown no propensity toward bold innovation in the field of economic policy. The result is that we have an inflation more rapid than would probably have prevailed under a McGovern Administration! But inflation redistributes income from the poor and lower middle classes to the more affluent; from weak bargainers and people with fixed money incomes to owners of real property and speculators. The "income counter-revolution" thus continues in a new form, by conservative policy default, which nevertheless amounts to an act of choice.

THE distribution of income reflects, first and foremost, the structure of interest and power in a society. When that power is consolidated more firmly in the hands of a wealthy minority, as after the Brazilian coup of 1964, the Dominican Republic invasion of 1965, or the Chilean counter-revolution of 1973, the income distribution moves sharply in the direction of increased inequality. Greater income equity, and the majority interest in general, in most Third World States, call for *real* revolution, with a transfer of power from traditional elites to people committed to the interests of the majority. If it be said that this would mean "totalitarianism" in the Third World, the reply is that totalitariarism in a particularly obnoxious form is prevalent now, and with official U.S. support. The best we can hope for in most countries is a relatively benign leadership with roots in and a real concern for the masses, in contrast with the now widespread Free World system of corrupt, extravagant, brutalizing, "grab and run" elite leadership. A comparison of the provision of health services in China and North Vietnam, where they are organized systematically for prevention and for ready availability to the rural masses, with South Vietnam and Indonesia, where the governments have no interest in such mundane matters, illustrates the point. The most important single contribution the American people could make toward improvement in income distribution and welfare in the Third World is, therefore, negative: seeing that their government in Washington terminates its long support for neo-colonialism.

In the U.S. itself, the income distribution improved slightly from 1929-1945, mainly as a result of the devastating effects of the depression on property values and incomes, plus the higher taxes and full employment of World War II. It failed to improve thereafter, and began a small but perceptible move toward increased inequality after 1968. It is obvious that the substantial growth and huge real income now produced in the U.S. have been used in such a way as to leave both a great many people unhappy and a huge array of unsolved problems. The high and relatively stable degree of inequality in the U.S. reflects the success of dominant, mainly business interest groups, in maintaining political and social power and in defining public and private priorities. Breaking the grip of these interests and values is no easy matter, the growth of recent decades having strengthened many vested interests and narrowed our range of choice. Even a huge misadventure such as Vietnam failed to loosen the grip of the military-industrial complex on our disposition of resources. Even the great profit windfalls of the oil companies and mass public hostility accompanying the shortages has yet to result in a significant reduction in the tax privileges of that industry. And even a George McGovern, with his modest liberal reformism, appears to have been beyond the pale of acceptability at this juncture.

It is not easy to be optimistic about prospects for improvement in our income distribution or system of priorities. Change, if it comes, will likely arise out of a continued series of shocks and a failure of the system to "deliver," not only to the bottom 20 percent but to the lower 80 percent. Only substantial material blows are apparently capable of breaking through the false consciousness of racism, of Meany-*Commentary* liberalism (with its emphasis on Red-New Left threats), to a unification on the basis of real interests and issues. It is a testimony to the power of status quo forces in America that one should see as the next step in improvement, not the development of a new humanism, but merely a capacity on the part of ordinary people to pursue their own real interests!

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THE CARDINAL CRIED RED

JOHN C. CORT

One cemetery strike recalls another

Those who are old enough to remember the Great Catholic Cemetery Strike of 1949 will be relieved to know that it is possible to have a cemetery strike without a cardinal leading seminarians through the picket lines to demonstrate how you can break a strike and perform a work of mercy at the same time. You can also have a cemetery strike without a cardinal denouncing it as an "anti-American, anti-Christian evil" or "a strike against the Church" or even making any statement about it at all. And, finally, you can have a cemetery strike without an attorney for the archdiocese making the deadpan remark that the only solution is to have a board of moral theologians decide whether the strike is just or unjust.

As proof for these shocking statements I submit the two-week walkout recently concluded at 20 cemeteries operated by the Archdiocese of Boston. The settlement got a few paragraphs on the inside of the *Boston Globe*. The main issue was money and it was settled with an 8 percent increase, half way between management's offer of 6 percent and the 10 percent demanded by Local 1285, Laborers International Union, AFL-CIO.

Said James Connelly, explaining why the men walked out for the first time in his 33 years as a gravedigger, "It wasn't easy for us to go out. We felt badly for families involved with funerals but, hey, we have to put bread on the table for ourselves and our families." Eventually they won an annual salary of $12,000.

Said an anonymous spokesman for the archdiocese, "Recognizing that any increase in salaries or other operating expenses would have to be borne by an increase in costs to people who make use of our cemeteries, we were unwilling to put an extra burden on these people." Eventually they were willing.

Actually, there was no great inconvenience for the bereaved. And no complaints have been heard from the deceased. Funeral directors cooperated by retaining several hundred bodies in their vaults and a spokesman for the cemeteries told me that they had informed him they could do likewise for another two or three weeks. There was no effort to break the strike and I venture to guess that most of the faithful, and the unfaithful, were totally unaware of its existence.

JOHN C. CORT *has worked for labor groups and anti-poverty agencies, and is now writing a book about his life and times.*

At this point memory takes over:

I am standing on the sidewalk on the east side of Lexington Avenue on the afternoon of Monday, February 28, 1949. Around me are about 20 gravediggers from Calvary and Gate of Heaven cemeteries in New York City who have been on strike since January 13. (Actually, the men from Gate of Heaven joined the strike on February 10.) They are waiting for about 200 of their fellow workers who have been at a meeting in Long Island City to decide what their response shall be to Cardinal Spellman's latest ultimatum.

This response will be delivered to the Cardinal at a meeting to be held in a few minutes across the street in Cathedral High School, a block from St. Patrick's and the Cardinal's residence. The Cardinal has sent telegrams to each of the strikers, except for the five members of the negotiating committee, inviting them to the meeting, to which the ticket of admission will be the telegram.

The men on the sidewalk are standing there because they don't know yet what the union's response will be or whether they will attend the meeting at all. I am standing there because my intention is to cover the meeting for *The Labor Leader*, newspaper of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, one of whose leaders, John Sheehan, is the attorney for the union, Local 293, United Cemetery Workers, CIO. The ACTU is in the awkward position of supporting the strike and opposing its own spiritual leader and benefactor, Francis Cardinal Spellman, who has been donating $3,000 a year to the Association toward operating expenses and the payment of my own salary. We are biting the hand that feeds us.

As we look across the street we can see the Cardinal come around the corner and go into the high school. Having found nobody in the hall, he comes out, looks at us across the street and crosses over to speak to us. With him is a man who looks like a detective holding an umbrella over His Eminence to shield him from the snow.

The Cardinal says, "It's time for the meeting to start, men, and I'd like you all to come into the hall."

He goes back across the street, but nobody follows him. He comes back again, the detective still holding the umbrella.

He says, "I said the meeting is about to start, men. Please come into the hall." He starts back across the

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street. The men are virtually all Catholics, Irishmen from the old sod, Italians, Polish, but nobody follows him. The Cardinal turns and sees that nobody is following. He stops in the middle of Lexington Avenue. The detective and his umbrella keep going and the Cardinal stands alone in the middle of the street. Fortunately for him the lights are red and for a moment there is no traffic. I wonder at the tenacity of the man, like a bulldog, and conclude that it's not for nothing that he's Cardinal.

The men cannot stand to see their Cardinal publicly humiliated in the middle of Lexington Avenue and they follow him into the hall. I follow too, but am turned away by a red-faced monsignor because I have no telegram.

Later the main body of strikers come over from Long Island City and go in, but they inform the Cardinal that they will walk out unless he also admits their negotiating committee. When they start to do so, he does so. He then tells them that he will not deal with Local 293, but they can have any other union they want. The trouble with the union is that it is affiliated with a Communist-dominated international—the Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers—and also it has bad leadership, notably its president, Joseph Manning, and its attorney, our own John Sheehan. Sheehan had become attorney after the Archdiocese appealed to the ACTU to do something about the Stalinist lawyer who was representing the men. The ACTU persuaded the men to use Sheehan instead. Manning is a solid Irish type who because he is a bachelor can apparently live on the $50 a week the union pays him, which is $9.50 less than the modest wage that most of his members make as gravediggers, a most unusual situation for a labor leader. Manning and Sheehan had repeatedly talked the men out of striking, but this time there was no holding them because they were determined to reduce their work week from six days to five without loss of pay. Even in 1949 the six-day week is virtually unheard of. Up to this meeting the only offer made by the Archdiocese is $1.50 a week, a bare cost-of-living increase, on a wage (for six days) which is about one quarter of what our Boston gravediggers are making for five days. (Since 1949 the cost of living has a little more than doubled, so we are talking about half as much money in real wages.)

The Cardinal now offers a raise of $4.90 for the same six-day week, on condition that the men return to work by noon the next day and without a union contract.

At a subsequent meeting the strikers voted by secret ballot 183 to 0 to reject the Cardinal's terms and to remain on strike. The Cardinal then leads the seminarians through the picket lines to dig graves. The newspapers have another front-page story and the *Daily Worker* is ecstatic. The only fly in the ointment of its joy is the baffling fact that the ACTU, which it has repeatedly denounced as the Cardinal's stooge, has now, at the cost of only $3,000 per annum, proven once and for all that it is not the Cardinal's stooge.

Eventually the strike is settled. At the Cardinal's insistence the union disaffiliates from the Communist international, which was perfectly okay as long as the men were willing to work six days a week for very little money. They affiliate with the Building Service Employees, an AFL union, but they keep Manning and Sheehan and the Archdiocese agrees to submit the six-day week to an impartial board for recommendations.

Cardinal Medeiros of Boston is old enough to remember that strike. He might even have read about it in the pages of this magazine, which was one of the few publications that knew the facts and also had the guts to print them. (In 1949 it still took guts for a Catholic magazine to print the facts about its own cardinal.) But whether or not Cardinal Medeiros remembers that strike I can't help thinking that he handled it like a man who does remember. Which is progress.

SUNS AND STRAWS

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Though the fall of an apple is not, like the fall
of a star, a spectacular act, *one* apple
rose, as it fell, to comet-fame
when Newton, noting it, saw in the flash
of its fall, the clue to the law of the fall

of all—straws and stones; oak trees
and sparrows and hairs. But earth, like a jealous
shepherd zealous for the sheep of his flock,
draws with her magni-magnet all matter's
scattered fragments back into her keep.

(Mysterious matter—mute, inscrutable,
dark, indestructible stuff! Ever
at the beck of form, it will furnish flesh
for a flea or a flower; or fatten a worm;
or fur a tiger.) Not an atom is lost

from the plump planet's curvaceous figure.
Apple and apple-shaped earth, each
in its orbit, stand or fall by the laws
they're attuned to—the Pied Piper music that all
the spheres hear, that moves the millions of suns

through space and assembles the nebulas' clusters.
What Juggler, balancing galaxies like plates,
set those celestial corollas to spinning,
creating thereby a Versailles of lily-
bright lights and fountains across the sky!

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INSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE

MEDIA

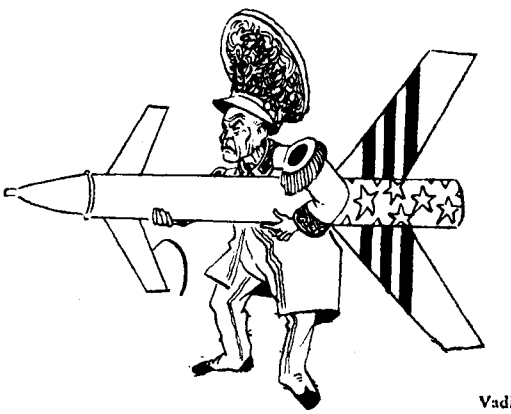
During the week before Christmas, ABC presented "The Missiles of October," a three-hour dramatization of what went on in the White House and the Kremlin during the Cuban missile crisis. It was billed as "theater of fact," but it had more the appearance, particularly in this season, of a Bible story about legendary figures in a famous saga. John Kennedy was played by William Devane, who is becoming a sort of Charlton Heston of the Kennedy family (he was Robert in the Off-Broadway *MacBird*) and he was joined here by a large company of actors impersonating the real characters who had crucial roles during those thirteen days. Familiar poses were struck—the Kennedy brothers in silhouette against the high Oval Office window, the President standing behind his desk, leaning over in solemn and lonely thought—all of this in the manner of reverent tableaus. The language was for the most part formal and inflexibly focused on the crisis (as I recall, Robert addressed his brother as "Mr. President" even in private) so that individual scenes had all the nuance and authenticity of a typical TV conversation between stoneface Biblical types (cf. the story of Joseph and His Brothers which is coming around again on this network—or rather *don't* cf. this story).

My guess is that the dramatist, Stanley R. Greenberg, took the gist of these conversations from the works of Robert Kennedy, Sorenson, Schlesinger and so on, and then filled them out with anecdotes, philosophical and political musings, and wry remarks from the storehouse of well-known Kennedy lore. The result was a long stream of rhetoric interspersed with a few famous remarks ("We were eyeball to eyeball etc.")which popped out like small snatches from famous arias. But there were no insights into these real human beings which might have given dimension to the project.

The viewer could hardly help being reminded that we have recently had a revealing look at another set of conversations within the Oval Office which offer some interesting contrasts. In one sense, "The Missiles of October," despite the magnitude of that particular crisis, pales beside "The Cover-ups of March, April, May, June and So On." In the latter drama, the characters are vividly human; they go about trying to solve their miserable crisis in a stuttering confusion which is, if not admirable, at least fascinating in its revelation of character and development of plot. Some of these Nixon scenes have indeed been performed on TV, usually by actors or reporters who have recited the lines without inflection, striving against interpretation in an effort to be fair. No matter how boring the presentation, however, the muddled humanity of the characters and the accumulating suspense of the story made for lively television.

To that extent, the Nixon tapes have cleared the air. Although it was refreshing to see, in "The Missiles of October," a President and his advisors actually dealing with a subject worthy of presidential concern, it is now hard to believe that crisis behavior at the White House was *ever* so inexorably purposeful and so full of speeches as we used to think, and as we were given here. Watching the show, one began to yearn for the digressions, the coffee-drinking, the obscenities and mumblings of real conversation.

Curiously, the fact that this was an acted-out version of known events, without benefit of either behind-the-scene tapes or imaginative conjectures, also throws an odd light on the Cuban missile crisis itself. The sequence of events presented here was from the public record—official, dehumanized—and as a consequence it occasionally took on a fantasy-like absurdity. One listened, in some disbelief in 1974, to the various drastic proposals



Vadillo

that were advanced as appropriate responses to the Soviet weapons in Cuba. Arguments in favor of these proposals may have been weighty and persuasive at the time, but when stated baldly now in a drama, without a context of history and politics, or of human feeling and thought, they sometimes seemed like the panicky deliberations of those generals and high officials in a science fiction movie who must plan countermeasures against the Blob, or whatever alien thing has landed in their pasture. The noble determination of some counselors, for example, to endure nuclear war rather than trade off an obsolete American base in Turkey seemed in this version just plain ridiculous—which indeed it may have been. In any case, no serious justification for it could emerge from this oversimplified tale. Thus the author, in an attempt to present an objective view of what happened during those famous thirteen days, actually seemed to suggest how bizarre and disturbing the facts of this incident really were.

So much for the "theater of fact" on television. TV eats up facts—real facts, large facts, mostly small facts—

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but a three-hour concoction of distilled facts molded into heroic drama is disorienting at best. Where the workings of government are concerned, give us the actual tapes, or perhaps a good long Congressional hearing where we can measure a man by among other things, how he sits in his chair and pours his water.

MICHAEL MURRAY

DIVORCE SWEDISH STYLE

THE SCREEN

Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* is a movie about talk—a movie about a woman who learns to speak for herself, and thereby liberates herself from her husband. As I also said, the film seems to be, judging by its ability to move audiences, a very powerful social document. It is a document, in fact, for the very reason that Bergman lets his characters have their own say. Although he is both scriptwriter and director, Bergman clearly conceives those as somewhat distinct functions. The scriptwriter's job is to efface himself from his work. He subordinates himself to his characters and tries not to meddle in their lives. He loses himself in their identities. When he writes his characters' dialogue, then, Bergman doesn't impose his own view of their experiences on them. He leaves it to the director to make his own view apparent.

As director Bergman does have another view too. In his management of all those aspects of the film which fall within the director's province—the framing, the editing, the composition of the shots, etc.—he tells a story that is in certain ways in counterpoint to the story his characters seem to be acting out. For example, much of the film is shot in extreme close-up. The sense we have that the characters are cut off from their social environment is a result of our seeing them frequently as faces rather than figures standing in a setting or landscape. But at times the close-ups are so extreme that they do not even include the whole face. We see only the upper, immobile portion of the face, the mouth and chin being framed out of the picture.

It's possible that this strange framing is an accident occurring because of the reframing necessary when footage shot for television is converted for projection in theaters. But the probability is that in the original television version even more of the lower face was missing than here. The likely explanation is that Bergman has done this on purpose. It is a gesture made intentionally with the edge of the frame the same way you might, out of pure exasperation, put your hand over the mouth of someone who's talking too much, or who's saying things too hurtful to hear. It's as if Bergman were telling his characters, "Enough, enough. Can't you see how much pain your talk inflicts? Can't you see that this incessant battle of words is futile?"

Where Bergman's own sympathies lie can be seen clearly from the way he shoots two parallel scenes that are, in effect, the epicenters of his whole film. The parallel between the scenes is itself established by the way Bergman shoots them. The first is the scene in which Johan (Erland Josephson) leaves his wife Marianne (Liv Ullman). The second is when she brings divorce papers to his office for signing. As plot the two scenes only detail Marianne's progress from dependence on Johan to independence. In the first one she is dumbfounded, while in the second she dominates the dialogue. In the second instead of clinging to Johan to stop his leaving, her only thought is to make good her own escape.

But Bergman doesn't want this second scene to be merely a moment of triumph for her, and to prevent that, he shoots the scene exactly as he did the earlier one. Whereas before, the camera stayed primarily on her reactions so that he became a darting, blurry figure moving across or behind her out of focus, now the focus is fixed on him, and she turns into the darting figure as she tries to dodge his blows. Before the camera lingered on her after he had left, but now it stays behind with him. Despite the fact that Johan beats her up this time, eventually knocking her to the floor and kicking her in his rage, the camera literally makes us see him the way we saw her. The effect is to put him in the same position she was in earlier: that of the victim. Now seeing him the way we saw her, we think of him as we did of her.

Bergman's treatment of his characters is even-handed and impartial like this because he sees their struggle not as one they wage against each other, but as one each of them wages against loneliness. It is a struggle in which neither of them ever really gains the upper hand or comes out ahead, and therefore Bergman can only pity them both alike, both equally, for their suffering. As in the scene where Johan leaves Marianne or the one where she brings him the divorce papers, Bergman's camera work continually makes us feel this impending, impinging loneliness by isolating the characters in the frame. Even though Johan and Marianne are together in almost every scene, the film usually deals with them separately, panning back and forth or cutting between them so that each is alone on the screen and, consequently, in our imagining.

The only times I can recall when they appear in the frame together as equals—appear side by side in a two-shot—are during the opening and closing scenes. From that glib and facile public language Johan used in the interview during the opening scene, he and Marianne have moved through all the varieties of speech to the difficult, completely personal language of her dream at the conclusion. Yet as Bergman has been telling us the

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whole time, it all comes out even in the end. This is what the reappearance of the two-shot suggests: that Johan and Marianne are back where they started. Bergman's view of them and the inner logic of their own lives at last coincide here, in the last scene. If we in the audience cannot help feeling relieved and perhaps even reassured at this outcome, it is because the human spirit has at least proven durable. We have all survived —Marianne, Johan, you and I—and that seems to be a lot. It seems somehow an affirmation just to have done so.

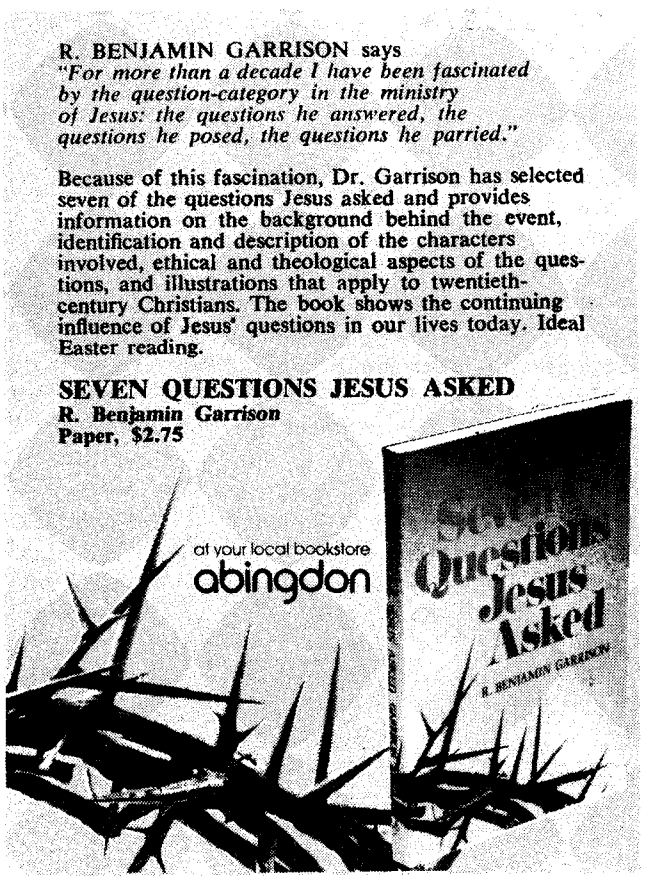
But the loneliness remains in the last scene too. We cannot deny it anymore than Johan and Marianne can overcome it. Even in their embrace after her nightmare, they seem separate and withdrawn. They are turned at right angles and stare off into space so that their eyes do not meet. And of course their talk is still really as much at cross purposes as ever. The dream Marianne relates to Johan is a language that is, though at last personal and sincere, completely private and impenetrable as well. Its hard-won individuality is also its limitation, since no one can explain with any certitude what it means, not even Marianne herself.

The loneliness that Marianne still endures seems in the closing scene to be a kind of solipsism, an ultimate confinement of each of us within himself, an inability to get outside ourselves and into touch with another human being. The only consolation the film can offer us is, paradoxically, that of fellow feeling. The way that Marianne and Johan cling to each other in the last scene, they become a mirror image of the audience that sits before them. In our postures of helplessness, we and the characters on the screen are at last united. What is more important, though, I think we have the feeling that Bergman is there with us too, that he is in some important way suffering himself what his film would make us suffer.

The aesthetic problem that Bergman has in making his film and the emotional problem that his characters have in living their lives are finally very much the same problem. It is that modern life so maddeningly defies symbolization: that it affords neither the artist nor the lover a way to objectify effectively, and so communicate, his experiences. If Johan and Marianne have learned anything, it is this failure of all languages. If the hope that we take from their experiences as we leave the theater at the end is justified at all, it is because they have perhaps come closer to recognizing, and dealing with, this limitation on life itself.

It is a limitation on art as well, and as a result Bergman has had to learn to respect it too. As an alternative to Johan's and Marianne's talking, he offers us a language of his own that is mute, a language of physical relationships. As much as any physical relationship that Johan and Marianne have achieved with each other through an embrace, or a blow, their physical relationship within and to the frame of Bergman's camera has told us what we know about them. This is a very plain and minimal language that Bergman uses. Sensing the self-deception and misunderstanding every time his characters' own statements become extravagant, Bergman refrains from making such statements himself. He makes his art out of the bare necessities of film narrative—editing, framing and composition — and he continually reduces that art to the bare bones of drama. He grapples with the solipsism of life no less intensely than Marianne herself does.

Perhaps then what gives *Scenes from a Marriage* its power, its ability to move us, is just its integrity. It is an integral experience: it unites the characters, the audience and the filmmaker. Moreover, it achieves this because Bergman himself has a certain personal integrity as an artist. His heroine is a liberated woman, but his treatment of her doesn't exploit the momentary appeal of that, and his vision of human experience is larger than the local political issue. The film has been an enormous box-office success, but we don't feel that Bergman has made it so by merely trying to second-guess our expectations or manipulate our emotions. On the contrary, far from trying to inveigle our feelings and imaginations, Bergman's film seems to achieve its power by giving us access to his feelings and imagination. What more than that can we ask of any crisis? COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.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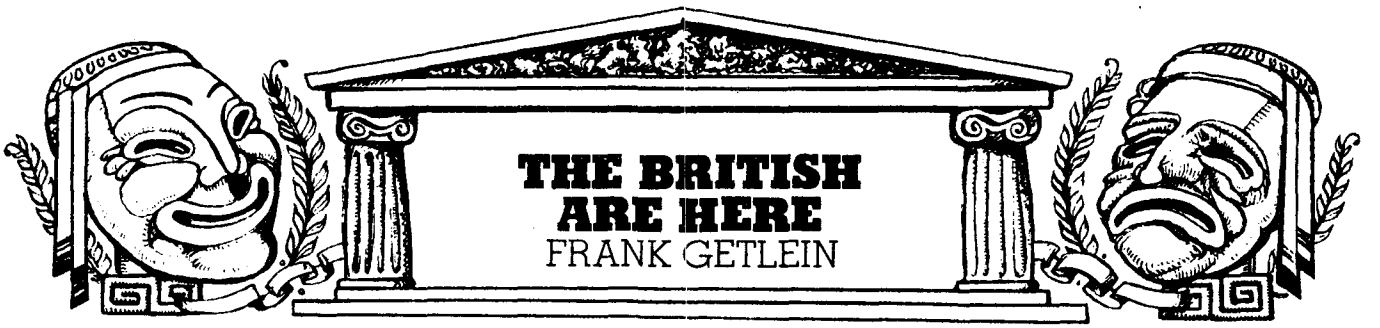

THE BRITISH ARE HERE

FRANK GETLEIN

WHAT does it mean that the British have taken over the American theater so heavily? That having gone bankrupt in their own, wonderful-while-it-lasted, real imperialism, the Brits are now into cultural imperialism as the ultimate way to impose English values on the English-speaking world? Or that we, having taken over, to a large extent, their real imperialism and run it into the ground in about one generation, as compared to the eight to ten British generations who lived very well off imperialism, have exhausted our creativity on ballistics and body-counts and now are forced to find fuel for the cultural enterprise where we may?

There is much to be said for both hypotheses. There is even more to be said for a more obvious one, namely that the British have become our Greeks, supplying us with theatrical pieces the way the original Greeks supplied the Romans with pottery pieces.

The notion of America as Rome has been around since the founding of the Republic, when, of course, it was the Roman Republic, its probity and determination, that served as model. The idea brought into existence all those columns and pediments around Washington, the faces as decorative detail later slightly embarrassing, the American eagle as bird of choice over Ben Franklin's native turkey, and Horatio Greenough's still amazing statue of George Washington in a bath sheet, right arm raised as of one calling for cold beer.

America as imperial Rome is a later comparison, one really gaining widespread acceptance only after World War II. In that post-war-cold-war period which, cross your fingers, we may just be at the end of, America took over all the traditional imperial appurtenances with none of the imperial profits. From troops posted all over the known world to Nixon's palace guard with their specially designed suits, everywhere you looked, there was Rome in its Octavian to Romulus Augustulus period. What were the two great badges and emblems of imperial Rome? Baths and roads. What did you see looking down from almost any air flight in the United States? Blue rectangles signifying swimming pools and white ribbons signifying superhighways. Where did the Romans get their culture? Well, first they crushed the native Mediterranean variant, that of the Etruscans, and then they imported the high class stuff, the Greek. And ourselves? First we allowed the native American to wither on the Broadway vine and then, to keep Broadway alive, we established a direct line to the West End of London, whence, often with a pause in Romanized Washington, the best or the most popular plays of the "American" theater have been coming for some years now and never more than this one.

Names: *My Fat Friend*, with Lynn Redgrave; *Absurd Person Singular*; the Royal Shakespeare's *Sherlock Holmes*; the Royal Shakespeare's *London Assurance*; *In Praise of Love* with Rex Harrison and Julie Harris; *Equus* from the Old Vic; *The National Health*; and, probably the best of the lot, David Storey's *The Farm*, yet to be seen on or even booked for Broadway. There are others and will be more.

There are exceptions which will be dealt with presently, but the first two things to be said about the bulk of the England-Made-Me imports is that they are marvelously produced, acted, directed, staged, and, that beneath all the theatrical expertise, there is usually very little indeed worth being all that expert about.

The grandfather of the lot is *Sherlock Holmes*. It is just about everything the Baker Street Irregulars expect of their mythic demi-god. In the title role, John Wood has the eyebrows, the litheness, the laconic delivery of lines, the casual work with needle and fiddle, the persona, in short, of the super-Sherlock generations of fans have invented for themselves out of the frankly rather thin tales of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The actual inventor was the actor-playwright William Gillette and he had strictly his own ends as an actor in view when he wrote the script he was to play for 30 years. It is not only an actor's play but a ham actor's play and indeed the play of the worst kind of ham actor, the underplaying ham actor, which Wood is par excellence and which Gillette to some extent actually created, or at least re-created. Philip Locke as Professor Moriarity is the perfect foil: ham well done. Between the two of them they all but succeed in disguising the fact that there isn't any play: I'm not talking about Shakespeare or Sophocles, there isn't even any honest-to-God melodrama on the announced level of operation. There is

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FRANK GETLEIN *is critic-at-large of the* Washington Star-News. *A frequent contributor in the past, he will now write a regular column in these pages.*

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only the moving about of the personnae.

My Fat Friend was even worse. Now departed to the country at large after good runs in Washington and New York, the play was simply a joke, one joke, prolonged into two acts. The joke was about a fat quasi-intellectual bookstore owner who allowed her fag friend to talk her into reducing drastically in order to fasten to her with hoops of steel the passing stranger strangely attracted to her. The stranger returns and turns out to have been attracted actually by all the avoirdupois, repelled by the slavishly attained skin-and-bones. O.K., reasonable blackout sketch in an old-time revue, total running time seven minutes. But a play?

If *Sherlock* is the grandfath of the English invasion this season, the same company's *London Assurance* by Dion Bouccicault (who received the tiniest type possible on the title page of the program) is the great granddaddy. A mid-Victorian imitation of an 18th century play—*not* Restoration—the piece survives only by virtue of the brilliant direction and acting of the Royal Shakespeare crowd. The production isn't camp; it manages miraculously to straddle the essentially antagonistic confrontation between mid-19th and mid-18th centuries and thus to compel our momentary belief in something—plots within plots about marriages and inheritances—not really worth considering whether we believe it or not. Once more, pure professionalism has made something out of nothing.

Pure professionalism is at its purest in *Equus*, an empty, pretentious play about a stable-boy who blinds a number of his charger-charges after they have seen him rolling about in the hay with a neighborhood filly. The stage work is fantastic, from the nude scene to, especially, the stylized horses played by mimes with silvery open work horses' heads and hooves. But the probing into the boy's motives by an emotionally shrunken shrink is less than meaningless. Again, there is neither play nor significance of any kind, only the pretense of the evocation of mythic bonds between man and horse, centaurs and cowboys, and a lot of first-rate stagecraft that ought to be put to better uses.

All of this well-made quality of the Brits invasion naturally invokes the memory of the most well-made playwright of them all in our time, Terrence Rattigan, and sure enough the master himself turned up before the first wave had completed its landings and consolidation with *In Praise of Love*, with Rex Harrison and Julie Harris above the title, Martin Gabel below. The play is actually the amalgamation of two one-acters, neither of which has much to recommend it by itself, both of which together make things less rather than more. The central story is one of non-communication: the crusty middle-aged critic, Harrison, is well aware that his somewhat younger wife, Harris, is dying of some mysterious disease brought on by undernourishment in her formative years spent in a concentration camp, but in order not to alarm her, he isn't letting on and instead is carrying on in his familiar, self-centered, egoistic, revolting, churlish manner. At various points, he knows she knows but doesn't know she knows he knows; she knows he knows but doesn't know he knows she knows; and so on through half the laws of permutations and combinations and the main point is that if all performances were only matinées, Harrison could pack them in forever.

We come now to what I for one regard as by far the best, in some sense the only real, play of the British wave that has inundated this distant shore, David Storey's *The Farm*. A year or so ago, Storey seemed to be falling into an easy, "well-made" pattern of his own: the football players of *The Changing Room* came together, played their game, went off apart again; the casual laborers of *The Contractor* came together, assembled their tent, took it back down and went off apart again; both groups hacked their way through North Country dialect toward a hatful of subtle insights into their own relationships, conditions and probable fates. Once, brilliant; twice, at least a little suspect of formularization.

No more formula. *The Farm* is all by itself. The prodigal son returns to the family farm in the North Country, is assaulted in turn by all, especially by the father, and goes off without ever introducing his fiancée, if such indeed there was, waiting in the village hotel. The play ends in a breakfast-coda in which those still on the farm celebrate their hostile togetherness with a rekindled warmth that is more chilling than the North Sea winds of Yorkshire. It has to mean something that this superb work has been seen only at Washington's Folger Theatre, is not yet scheduled for New York.

Finally, it is not altogether fanciful to claim that America's leading younger playwright, Edward Albee—younger than Miller and Williams, that is—has himself been affected by the British surface professionalism. His latest, *Seascape*, is brilliantly produced, brilliantly directed by the author, brilliantly played by Deborah Kerr and Barry Nelson as the vaguely discontented aging couple on the beach somewhere in the Hamptons. Frank Langella and Maureen Anderman as a pair of humanoid-sea lizards who escape from the sea for a couple of hours of chit-chat in which nothing is ventured, nothing gained, nothing lost, nothing saved. Mayor Curley was right: Boston is a day closer to Europe, he used to say; Montauk is an hour or so: Albee has been Anglicized.

Back to us Romans and our Greeks. Those Greeks can do anything they turn their hands to. They can give the basic, hanging amphora a pedestal to stand on, can turn its lip, flute its sides, elaborate handles, turn black-figure inside out to make red-figure, reduce the Odyssey to decorative groups, do anything, truly, with that venerable vessel except fill it with life-giving, eye-gladdening, heart-warming wine. They've forgotten where the grapes grow and if they found them wouldn't really need them for the things they do best and that we, for our part, best appreciate and voyage over to fill our stages.

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THE NEW OBSCENITY

LISA H. NEWTON

Western Attitudes Toward Death
PHILIPPE ARIES
Johns Hopkins, $6.50

The Last Enemy
RICHARD W. DOSS
Harper and Row, $4.95

Death By Choice
DANIEL C. MAGUIRE
Doubleday, $6.95

Questions and Answers on Death and Dying
ELISABETH KUBLER-ROSS
Macmillan, $4.95

Recent years have seen the emergence of a substantial literature on the subject of death and dying (a footnote on this point would consume my allotted space), commanding the intense interest of an increasing audience. Such interest might seem strange; people have been dying for a very long time now, and one would expect the subject to be familiar. Yet as we know, and as all four authors emphasize, death has become the "new obscenity" for our time, the literature of death is our pornography; one's own approaching death, like syphilis, a shameful and agonizing private disaster, and one's grief for another, like masturbation, disgraceful and concealed (the comparisons are Geoffrey Gorer's). Death is un-American, incompatible with happiness and progress, proof of failure on the part of the dying person, the physician and the system. Mary Baker Eddy said it for us all when she flatly insisted that death is not real.

But death is real, and inability to face reality, besides being dishonest, is damaging to humans (e.g. an incredibly high percentage of widows and widowers die the year following their spouse's death). Coming to grips with the fact of death and the inevitably of dying, honestly and compassionately, is a major task on the American agenda; these books address that task.

In a study of the historical roots of our attitude toward death, Philippe Ariès finds the current death-denial at the end of a series of attitudinal changes, discovered in funerary art, customs, rituals and writings. From the "tamed death" of the early Middle Ages, death as a normal and familiar event in the life of the society, he takes us through the individualized Renaissance approach to one's own death as judgment, and the nineteenth century romanticized approach to the death of a loved one as an unbearable rupture of the fabric of life. By the time the twentieth century arrives with its aseptic hospitals, we already have a Western sensibility prepared to "shield" the patient and the entire society from the confrontation with death.

Richard Doss suggests that secularization in Western society may have something to do with this unhealthy denial of the fact of death; when death is deprived of the meaning it had in a Christian culture, it becomes unbearably frightening. Recognizing that contemporary Christian attitudes are by no means consistent on the subject, Doss opts for a theological style which accepts the reality of death while recognizing it as "the enemy," the destroyer of love of life and love of other humans in the human community. Death, as a natural event, neither provides nor takes away meaning in life; rather, its reality forces us to seek out that meaning. As such, it has positive value, and Doss uses it as a springboard to discussions of Christian hope, immortality and resurrection.

The revulsion at the core of our attitude toward death does not produce the best atmosphere for a clear, thorough, and honest discussion of the desirability of euthanasia; but that is what Daniel Maguire attempts, and the attempt succeeds. His thesis is a very simple one: that there are situations where a choice to put an end to what remains of a human life is morally defensible.

The duty of ethics, as he sees it, is to help us find and order all the circumstances, rules and other considerations relevant to any moral choice, that that choice may be, if not certain, at least as informed and rational as possible. To set the context for that ordering process, he devotes three opening chapters to the current events which have put the subject of death and dying back on the front pages: the state of the art of medicine, where rapid advances in techniques for prolonging life have got "value-free" science "up to its neck in value-loaded questions;" a legal tradition which insists that mercy killing is first-degree murder, thereby forcing juries to practice instant psychoanalysis to reach baseless "insanity" verdicts and judges to preach absurdity in justifying lenient sentencing; and the "new morality," which has toppled the monolithic prohibitions of the absolutist past and reopened all the questions that were thought to be closed. Then he sets out to teach moral reasoning. The chapter on Ethics will not delight a professional philosopher, nor will the following chapter's treatment of various traditional distinctions (direct vs. indirect killing, "commission" vs. "omission" etc.). But there is real merit in this discussion of ethical methods and distinctions, in the wealth of concrete cases that spell out his understanding of their implications, and in the lively appreciation of the importance of the psychological differences involved in them. Morally, it may be difficult to find a difference between (say) commission and omission *per se;* but the agent *feels* different about "doing something" and "just letting it alone," and the moralist must take that

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feeling into account. A practical beginning for reasoning on moral matters is all Maguire claims to teach, and that reasoning must include the recognition that the most careful use of the methodic elements he suggests may still lead two persons to different conclusions or one person to the conclusion that several courses are open to him. Ultimately, the ambiguity of morality will not go away.

With this conclusion clearly in front of us, Maguire goes on to consider the objections to mercy killing, both as chosen for himself, by a clear-headed adult, and as chosen for others. The most serious objection holds that the legitimation of any kind of euthanasia, voluntary or not, will open the door to Nazi-type death-dealing programs to eliminate the useless and the unwanted, the old, the poor and the invisible. Maguire argues patiently and at length that the objection is unfounded; the analogy between our society and Nazi Germany does not obtain in any relevant respect, and there is no grounds for a "domino," (or "wedge") argument: the argument from the slippery slope is invalid as it stands, and the circumstances of the dying provide a wealth of opportunities for drawing good moral lines. He concludes that euthanasia is often morally defensible—not the only defensible course, perhaps, in any situation, but a fully moral choice, and the advocacy of a policy allowing it is a morally responsible public position.

Personally, I was grateful for the length of argument spent on consideration of this objection; every time I think of legalizing euthanasia, Nazis come crawling down my nightmares and I change my mind. And it's not only the dying we reject, but also the aged, who are increasingly expensive and numerous—I still see those old-age homes where we put them turning into death houses. But perhaps a greater danger to life lies in our growing acceptance of euthanasia *without* legislation which could, conceivably, control abuses. These issues at least can enjoy full and reasonable discussion in the new atmosphere of candor Maguire cites in his first chapter; in its clarity, concreteness and sensitive appreciation of the complexity of the painful moral choices that have to be made in this area. *Death By Choice* is a valuable contribution to that discussion.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's book, in question-and answer format, applies the conclusion of *On Death and Dying* to concrete cases posed by questioners. Her answers are always practical and humane, and should be useful for hospital social workers and any others who work daily with the dying.

Power Struggle

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN

Scribner's, $7.95

ARTHUR A. COHEN

An autobiography is a narrative of the self. Presumably an autobiography which is, as well, "confessional" underscores the elected genre by instructing the reader that, in addition to narration, the author promises to tell the truth. The autobiography can be judged by the reader according to canons of narrative sophistication, novelty, illumination, but obviously he cannot know whether the author is telling the truth. In a sense, then, the confessional aspect of Richard L. Rubinstein's new book, *Power Struggle*, must be set aside. Presumably he intended it merely to apostrophize what he takes to be the startling revelation of his psychological disorders, although finally they seem tame enough. The psychoanalytic jargon to which he is prone leaves the language of the affects hidden in the underbrush of repressions, rages, impotencies. It is impossible to judge therefore whether his confession confesses. All language is artifice: it says what its employer knows how to say and very often (in this case no less than in others), one suspects, the gaps and lacunae (the silences, the breath between words) reveal what is really meant. But such is, at the moment, an irrelevant conjecture about the metaphysics of language and silence.

The issue of *Power Struggle* is Richard Rubinstein's struggle to self-mastery and definition, his progress from infantile envy and anger to self-reconciliation. Presumably the urgency to this self-disclosure, on the face of it neither promising nor unique, is that for more than a decade he has been regarded as an *enfant terrible* of American Jewish thought, the dreadful young man who was trained by American Jewish institutions to serve its pulpits and platforms and has repaid such succor by a series of books which have ostensibly undermined them. Rubinstein, in a certain sense, is asking in *Power Struggle* that these institutions become familiar with the processes of life and thought which brought him from adolescent aspirant to the Unitarian ministry, through Reform Judaism, the Conservative seminary from which he was ordained, the strictly orthodox *praxis* which he assumed, to the breakdown of traditional belief and practice, the break-up of his marriage and home, and his repudiation of connection with official Jewish life.

The result of this moil is difficult to appraise. Richard Rubinstein is the principal, indeed it would appear the sole, spokesman of a position which pronounces the death of the traditional God of the Jews and the restoration of an archaic, paganic order of divinities and powers from which men and women, most particularly Jewish men and women, can nourish and strengthen the resources of character which would remove from the Jewish people the blemish of complicity in its own destruction. Rubinstein regards—and it is one of his recurrent historical metaphors—the second century bargain struck by Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai with Vespasian, to resign the national ambitions of ancient Israel in return for permission to build in Yavneh a house of study to conserve and transmit the moral, ritual, and theological teachings of Judaism, as necessary then, but suicidal now. The proof text to this thesis has been and remains Auschwitz, where Jews renewed the bargain of Johanan, although, betimes, Vespasian had become Hitler.

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The traditions of Israel, in Rubinstein's view, reflect an unreal perception of history and its aggressivity. The Jews made peace with the enemy-world, withdrew into an interior life and discipline, and for its self-restraint was paid by history with unending murderousness. The psychological conditioning of the Jew, his demasculinization, his impotency, his inverted rage, turned more against himself than against his oppressors, made it inevitable that when the moment came, the enemy-world would strike him dead. Worse still, the poor Jew—struck dead!—will somehow thank the murderer for executing God's judgment upon him and his dereliction. The compulsiveness of Jewish *praxis*, the enormity of guilt visible when observant Jews make a mistake in the fulfillment of commandments or the avoidance of transgressions, has its consequence in world history. The Jew can even make Hitler an instrument of providence.

The theodicy which is implicit in Rubinstein's account of the theological argument is explicit in his narrative of the cramped ego looking for its proper pasture. I was struck countless times in reading his book by the identification of his own despairs and miseries with the groanings and agonies of history. He is a kind of demi-Hegel with a vengeance. Hegel could talk about the logos of history and leave it to the reader to discern that, indeed, if Hegel perceives the logos of the universe, describes its dialectic, masters its intricacies and reads its entrails like a haruspox, somehow Hegel, the thinker, is one with logos; mayhap, even the logos himself, come to earth in the aspect of a German academic and intellectual. Rubinstein, the angered boy looking for authority and sacral power, with which to administer God's and his own judgment upon the misfortunes of parental mismanagement, becomes in his maturity, the receptacle of impotencies and submissions which, he believes, reflect the exactions of the Jewish God and his revelation upon a too supine and passive people. Rubinstein's life is a mini-Auschwitz—the torments of the self are the microcosm of an historical drama which consummates in the deathcamps. Since he will have nothing more to do with such a sick self, he will have nothing more to do with a tradition and a divinity which makes men sick. It's clear! It helps one understand Rubinstein, but it doesn't persuade one that the insight is true nor is Rubinstein the charismatic persuader who would win assent by personal charm or rhetoric in the absence of intellectual capitulation.

The dialectic of *Power Struggle* is, to my view, an endless *petitio principi*. The evidence of Rubinstein's unhappy consciousness, his own self-victimization, the short-lived triumph of *ressentiment* in his own person and its fortunate dissolution, does not convince me that the real enemy is the God of the Jews or of the tradition which he commanded. If it were that simple it would neither have been worth believing such a God or even serving as his mortician.

About Paterson: The Making and Unmaking of an American City

CHRISTOPHER NORWOOD

Saturday Review Press/Dutton, $8.95

SEAN CRONIN

> The lower ranks which inhabit these cities constitute a rabble more formidable than the populace of European towns. They consist of freed blacks, in the first place, who are condemned by the laws and by public opinion to a hereditary state of misery and degradation. They also contain a multitude of Europeans who have been driven to the shores of the New World by their misfortunes or their misconduct. . . .

The comment is from Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* written in the age of Jacksonian Democracy. Chris Norwood quotes it in her study of Paterson—the rundown New Jersey city sixteen miles from New York that Alexander Hamilton imagined would become an industrial model for the young republic—perhaps to show that the threat of the slums is not a product of the 1960s or the 1970s. What Tocqueville is saying, I suppose, is that the poor are always a threat to the rich. And what we can conclude is that history repeats itself endlessly; and almost always as tragedy despite Hegel's remark.

Ms. Norwood worked in Paterson as a reporter from 1968 to 1970. Her book is a study of urban decay; the statistics are dreary and depressing. Even the Main Street of the once-proud "Silk City" is now a slum. Industry is leaving, the tax base is narrowing, the welfare rolls are growing. For a city its size, Paterson's pollution is the worst in America. There is corruption and injustice and not much hope. Hamilton's experiment has ended, if not in nightmare, certainly a long way from utopia.

And yet William Carlos Williams lived there and wrote a six-book poem on the city called *Paterson*. Allen Ginsberg is a native son. The rest is a wasteland inhabited by some 150,000 souls packed together in an area of 8.36 square miles. The old European immigrants have been succeeded by blacks and Puerto Ricans with even more rights on paper than their predecessors. The end of politics is "the good for man," Aristotle wrote more than 2,300 years ago. But the word hasn't yet reached Paterson.

Back in 1913 when Paterson lived by silk weaving a great strike closed down the mills for five months and a couple of thousand strikers and sympathizers were arrested in the course of it, including Big Bill Haywood, John Reed and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Despite mass picketing, mass meetings, mass funerals—two workers were killed by police—the strikers lost. A victory might have turned Paterson around. The defeat meant everyone lost, for the employers were bankrupt at the end and the workers impoverished. In 1932 the senior class of the State Normal School put together a history of their city and blamed "foreigners" and "Reds" for its decline!

(The author, by the way, calls the Wobblies the International Workers of

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the World; the correct term of course is Industrial Workers of the World.)

In 1960, Paterson fell into the hands of a "law and order" Mayor, Francis X. Graves, a minor-league Frank Hague, who proceeded to turn the police into a "private army," according to his critics. Foes of the Mayor were labeled "dissidents and troublemakers" and had the feeling they were watched. Police behaved with little respect for law in the city's black ghetto. In 1964 there was a riot and Graves blamed "hooligans." Two years later his chosen successor was defeated by a Republican, Lawrence Kramer. As in New York in the same year, a Republican reformer managed to defeat the Democratic machine.

And the change paid off for a time. In July 1967 when nearby Newark blew up, Paterson was quiet. In April 1968 when Martin Luther King was assassinated, Paterson simmered but did not erupt.

The discontent was there, however, and the cops didn't help. One hot Monday in June 1968—the date given, June 31, is obviously wrong—a Puerto Rican who opened a fire hydrant was arrested and it took 32 stitches to close his wounds. The Spanish section of Main Street rioted for three days. On the last day of the outbreak a group of policemen decided to take "the law" into their own hands and invaded the black Fourth Ward. The author says:

> They first assaulted the S.C.L.C. headquarters, smashing the windows and throwing tear-gas bombs inside; then they rampaged down Graham Avenue, the commercial area of the Fourth Ward, wrecking black-owned stores, leaving victims beaten senseless behind on the streets. The attack lacked even the excuse of being a spontaneous outburst taken in the midst of a riot; the riot in the Spanish section on the other side of town, which the rest of the force was working to quell, in fact, served as a convenient cover.

The police riot ended reformer Kramer's efforts to rebuild Paterson. It was a police conspiracy and he knew nothing about it, but his credibility was gone. Graves' "law and order" people blamed Kramer for the riot; some of the Mayor's own supporters felt he had betrayed them. County, state and federal investigations followed. "Each agreed that the law as well as the civil rights of citizens had been violated," the author reports. "In the end each did nothing."

Kramer spent the following fourteen months mending his political fences. He became something of a "law and order" man and a school riot which he subdued with a firm hand helped his image. He brought in a new police chief from Phoenix, Arizona, and gave jobs to old political foes. Although Graves added "justice" to "law and order" on his banner, Kramer won the 1969 election. And there the book ends. It would be interesting to know what has happened in the meantime.

Christopher Norwood's study of Paterson is also a political treatise. It is for the most part plainly written with occasional lapses into the vivid reporting style of television. She says change is difficult because local government is powerless. Herman Badillo said on television the other day that there is no support in Congress for the cities. The future looks grim.

Tocqueville, who admired the town meetings of New England, called municipal institutions "the strength of free nations." Christopher Norwood quotes him approvingly. Democracy sprang from the City State. Perhaps we have lost our way.

Life Is Elsewhere

MILAN KUNDERA

Knopf, $6.95

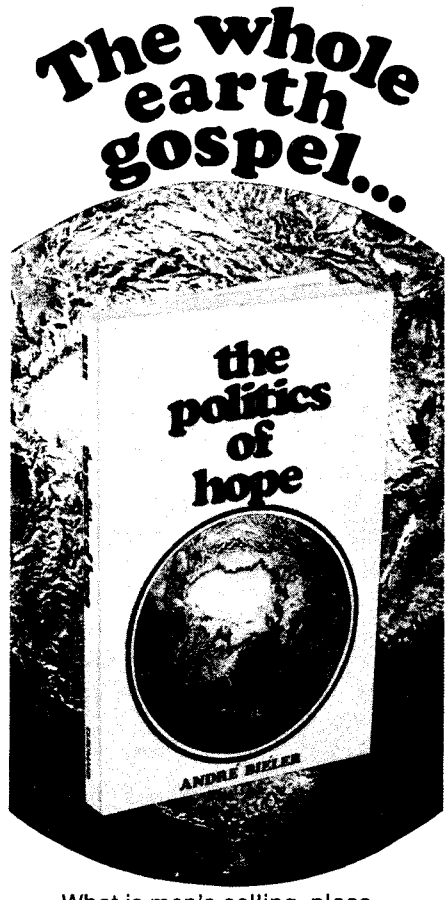
Laughable Lovers

MILAN KUNDERA

Knopf, $.695

RONALD DE FEO

Many of the characters who populate these two volumes by the Czech writer Milan Kundera are deeply affected by



What is man's calling, place, and mission in modern global society? Drawing on three major ecumenical texts, a distinguished scholar and social ethicist provides guidelines for the restoration of an alienated world. The task of the church, André Biéler insists, is to address and deal with a wide range of social and political issues, bringing to bear its biblically-derived kingdom ethic.

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the erotic element in their natures. Often their strong sexual instincts surprise them. They may play various games and adopt various roles to free themselves from their repressed skins. They find freedom and release, even creative inspiration, in sex. As they make an effort to explore erotic possibilities, they discover sides of their personalities that have previously remained hidden. For some the revelations result in confusion and pain—ugliness and desperation have been exposed. For others the revelations are cause for wonder and joy—a form of beauty has entered their lives.

Life is Elsewhere is a comic novel that traces the life of a poet, Jaromil, from his birth to his death. Jaromil's mother, Maman, on whom the author focuses first, is a typical Kundera character. Ashamed and unsure of her body for years, she has an affair with an engineer and rapidly becomes aware of her sexual potential, learning "to savor the pleasures of physical existence." After recording this phase in the life of her body, the author notes the next important change—her pregnancy: "It [her body] ceased to be a mere object of someone else's eye, and became a living body . . ." Two beings then are born: Jaromil, literally, and Maman, figuratively: Kundera wonderfully describes the physical and emotional bond that exists between mother and child. We can understand why Maman later becomes an almost unbearably possessive mother and why Jaromil comes to regard her with so much reverence and fear.

We follow Jaromil's early creative attempts and the comic manner in which his art matures. Once again we have the link between mother and child—as a painter inspires Jaromil to develop his artistic talent, he inspires Maman to toss off any sexual inhibitions she may still have and to live freely. "If we cannot change the world," he tells her, "let's at least change our lives. . . . Let's reject everything that is not fresh and new." Jaromil eventually adopts this very philosophy ("the religion of The New"), but he does so, the author suggests, to disguise his longing for physical love. In this case at least, eroticism and art are closely related. Jaromil's sexual impulses find expression in his poetry. After spying on the family maid in the bath, Jaromil is inspired to record the stimulating experience, to give it a certain permanence. During the creative process, however, the concrete is transformed into the abstract, an intensely private experience is concealed by the veil of art. Jaromil is somewhat similar to many of the characters in *Laughable Lovers* whose erotic urges cause them to adopt various roles. His sexual impulses lead him to assume the identity of a lyric poet. Later he even emulates a fictional character he himself has created, for that character possesses the freedom that Jaromil has not quite been able to attain.

At times the structure of *Life is Elsewhere* grows too slack—particularly towards the end—and at other times the action is not quite convincing: Jaromil's political activities, for example, or the episode in which Maman works with a photographer who is making a film about Jaromil. But these are minor qualms when one considers Kundera's fine ability to dramatize ideas and to stimulate and entertain the reader in the process.

The characters in the short story collection, *Laughable Loves*, are a very dissatisfied group who long for some change in their everyday lives, anything that will enable them to achieve physical and psychological freedom. In the excellent story "The Hitchhiking Game," a young man and his girl friend assume the roles of driver and hitchhiker to free themselves from their particular identities and to give vent to their hidden erotic impulses. As is often the case with Kundera's people, they allow the game to get out of hand. They attain their freedom, but they completely sacrifice their identities while doing so. The girl behaves like a whore and the young man begins to treat her accordingly. The game ends in mutual disgust. While sexual freedom is an admirable goal, it can sometimes have devastating results. The young couple failed to realize what a potentially dangerous and unpredictable game they were playing. And now that the game has ended and they have exposed highly unattractive sides of their personalities, what next? "There are still," Kundera reminds us, "thirteen days' vacation before them."

The couple in the equally superb, "Let the Old Dead Make Room for the New Dead," also play an erotic game, though here the results are somewhat more satisfying. Meeting for the first time after fifteen years, the couple (a man and an older woman) try to recapture the passion of their first and only sexual encounter. Though they are moderately successful, there is more than a degree of desperation in their effort. They long for their youth, but a return to the past—perhaps an idealized past—is impossible. When Kundera notes that "This time the room was full of light," he is not only contrasting the old sexual encounter with the new one, but he is also suggesting that the couple now fully understand the implications of their act. They are too knowing to engage in blind passion. Their desperation haunts them.

The other stories in this volume are perceptive and quite delightful and they are well worth any reader's time, but I don't think that any of them really succeeds as well as the first two tales. For me at least, Kundera's stories work best when they are very tightly structured and narrowly focused. His stories exploring various Don Juan types, like Dr. Havel, are entertaining, but a little too casually developed, a bit too sketch-like. As a result, they lack the impact and intensity of the earlier tales.

The only other work of Kundera's

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REVIEWERS

LISA H. NEWTON, is an Associate Professor of Philosophy at Fairfield University in Connecticut.

ARTHUR A. COHEN, is the author of *In the Days of Simon Stern*, recently reprinted in Delta paperbacks, and of *Mandelstam: An Essay in Antiphon* (Ardis).

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that has appeared in English was his famous political novel, *The Joke* (which he made into a film). These two new books reveal a different side of the artist's sensibility and talent, and they are very welcome indeed. Though one may occasionally tire of the author's concern—perhaps *obsession* is a better word—with the erotic, Kundera's originality, intelligence and witty narative voice are irresistible.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

St. Mary of the Woods, examined this balance in a broader way in an address which she gave at commencement at Indiana State University. She puts it in terms of commitment: ". . . for though change has exploded in rapidity and breadth in our time and must indeed be understood anew, it has always been a given in human life; and even more important, because commitment in its essential and root understanding has always implied meeting the demands of growth and of change as well as those of stability, it must not be misunderstood in the narrow focus of a stubborn holding on to an unchanged idea. If we penetrate these dimensions we can hopefully come to a new understanding of the relationship, not the conflict, between change and commitment — a relationship which allows and encourages man to develop the depths and heights of his humanness by giving him a base from which to work."

In our educational institutions as in microcosm we are beginning to see some hopeful responses to the problems brought by change.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 283)

Episcopal Church toward which the Anglo-Catholic minority (based in New York) has long tried to direct the Protestant-minded majority of the Episcopal Church.

Since I have lived through ten frustrating years as an Anglo-Catholic in the Episcopal Church (becoming a Roman Catholic just a year ago), I feel I can say with some authority that your exposure to the Episcopal Church has been extremely limited.

In New York, to be sure, there appear to be few outward differences between some Episcopal parishes (St. Mary the Virgin, for example) and Roman Catholic parishes. In such Episcopal parishes clergymen are "father," confessions are heard regularly, ceremony is used, and the Eucharist—referred to as "Mass"—is the main worship service of the parish.

But farther south, practices (not to mention the *beliefs* behind them) are quite different. Episcopal clergymen usually are "Mr. Jones" or "Bill," ceremony is the exception rather than the rule, confession is a rarity, the Blessed Sacrament is usually not reserved, and the Eucharist in most parishes is interchangeable with Morning Prayer.

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I propose that few Roman Catholics would feel comfortable receiving communion in Episcopal parishes in the South. To begin with, just finding a celebration of the Holy Communion could be a problem. At least half the time a visitor to an Episcopal service at 10 or 11 A.M. on Sunday would find himself/herself attending Morning Prayer, which is often listed as the "main" service.

There are indeed many similarities between the Roman Catholic Church and the Episcopal Church. But as long as such a large number of Episcopalians (and not just laity) view themselves as *Protestant* Episcopal and do not even consider their Sunday obligation to be attendance at the Eucharist, I cannot see how the Roman Catholic Church could begin to give serious consideration to intercommunion.

I sincerely hope the Episcopal Church will move closer to the idea you have of it. However, in the meantime, I hope you will check your facts more thoroughly before making any more general statements about the Episcopal Church.

(MRS.) VALLIN D. ESTES, JR.

P.S. As for the matter of women priests: the time has certainly come for us to consider the issue. But the Episcopal Church's handling of this matter should hardly be held up as a model for imitation. During my periods of service as a parish officer and convention delegate in the Episcopal Church, I observed little that was admirable in the deliberations surrounding the ordination of women.

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Body Politics

Sacramento, Calif.

To the Editors: It's Halloween as I set about answering Michael Novak's critique [Nov. 1] of my article in *The Christian Century* (Sept. 18, 1974) on violence. I feel like the kid who has been made to wear the wrong mask, and who has just bitten into a candy football only to find a stone inside. Since I have high regard for Novak, I am the more distressed that he misrepresents my piece. I don't think he needed the distorting rhetorical flourishes to make his points.

My article is primarily about male violence and the sexist, psychic conditioning that engenders it in our society. I use football only as a symbolic ritual which mirrors some of the violence-prone dimensions of our culture. I purposely stress the negative aspects of the game: intended brutality, violent competition, commercialism and especially sexism. The game also features skill, suspense, excitement, etc., but I see these elements as subordinate to its destructive side.

First to Novak's misrepresentations, then to a few of his debatable issues. Of course, I don't believe that male violence began in 1874 with the invention of football; I, too, have heard about Cain and Abel. Nor do I hold that destructive aggression (Hitler's or that of the murder of Indonesian Communists) stems from being mesmerized by football. My article doesn't say that football causes society's violence or that only Americans are violent. Rather I use the gridiron battle as a symbolic rite that throws light on some peculiarly American nuances and propensities concerning violence.

Novak argues that the rage of men toward women arises from being dominated by females in the male's formative years. As I stated in my article, there may be some of this resentment in men. But the greater cause of male anger wells out of feelings of self-devaluation in a society that demands intense competition and performance norms to achieve self-worth. Novak seems to favor the instinct or nature argument for male aggressiveness; I hold with Social Learning psychologists that the destructive dimensions of aggression are mainly conditioned or learned. Social Learning is a more hopeful approach to violence; if it is largely acquired, it can be unlearned. If it is simply a matter of male, natural instinct, a kind of hydraulic drive that will out, it won't make any difference if women tell men to "be good little boys."

Novak does not find capitalism connected with male aggression, because its impersonal bureaucracy denies strong impulse and "physicality." I would agree to a point that bureaucracy represses self-assertion. This in turn can lead to lower self-esteem causative of violence. But I would go further in claiming that capitalism, as we experience it, is also directly related to the male violence mystique in that it calls for toughness and intense competitiveness while sacrificing humane considerations to material gains.

Those who oppose football, Novak maintains, display fear and hatred of the human body. A heavy charge. On the contrary, we critics of the game care so much about the body that we hate to see it injured and brutalized. Vigorous sports of many kinds are fine. But those that combine exaggerated competition (towards others) and violence, such as prizefighting and football, tend to increase harmful aggression directly and vicariously.

When Novak complains of women-directed institutions manifesting emotional falsity, I both wonder what he is talking about and I detect a touch of anti-feminist bias. Perhaps he means that women impede the animal lustiness and "physicality" which he says is proper to male nature. As I recall, Tarzan seemed to do pretty well swinging through the trees even when Jane was near. The men/women liberation movement, however, tells us that the Tarzan-Jane model is precisely what is wrong with man-woman relations.

In his concluding paean to football, Novak sees it as "a humble saving grace, a joy to millions . . . as lovely

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a communal art as humans have ever invented." That's high religious praise. Yet I wonder how this hymn would sound now to football's thousands of seriously injured, some to the extent of total paralysis. But Howard Cosell and thirty million weekend fans can't be wrong, can they?

EUGENE C. BIANCHI

Reply

It's the day of the Ohio State-Michigan game as I am asked to reply to Eugene Bianchi's repetition of his original argument, and his gentle misrepresentation of my own views. (Michigan is leading 10-0.)

Gentle Bianchi's use of football to symbolize the errors of capitalism, competitiveness, violence, injury to the human body, and inadequate male-female relations is fashionable; a spate of books and articles announces it. Surely, there are symbols far more basic, accurate, and fair.

The Homestead Works of U.S. Steel, blocking the sun, might be such a symbol. To those lucky enough to escape those mills—and the nearby mines—football seemed far less competitive, violent, injurious to the body, and damaging to male-female relations.

As an institution, football is as flawed and in need of reform as any other. But even good men like Eugene Bianchi characteristically misperceive institutions to which they have little allegiance. They ignore the violence, brutality, competitiveness, and bodily injury done by their own institutions—not least, universities, the media, and even research firms thick with "Social Learning Pychologists." More students commit suicide than are killed by football; mononucleosis and nervous breakdowns claim others; ulcers and heart attacks are the daily injuries of corporate life. The environment of "social learning" has, since a little before Cain and Abel, been far more vicious than football.

Writings on "sisterhood" discuss dishonesty and false consciousness at length. One of the most hopeful signs in the field of sports is that women may now enter them in greater numbers, with greater intensity, discipline, love and pleasure.

Bianchi is usually perceptive and sympathetic with respect to religions not his own. Perhaps one day even football will fall within his ecumenical concern: nay, even Howard Cosell in all his glory.

MICHAEL NOVAK

Pat Crowley

Downsview, Ontario

To the Editors: The life and recent death of Pat Crowley of Chicago bring to mind many memories, evidence of the great man and Christian he was. I especially remember the many ways he offered help to not-so-popular causes like Friendship House in Chicago.

Back in 1942, when the Crowleys, Pat and Patty, first came to FH, it was new-born, struggling to get on its feet (see *Commonweal*, May 14, 1944). FH was a novel concept then—a group of lay people banded together for a cause, and the cause! . . . to undo the wrongs of interracial injustice. Maybe, even revolutionary for the time.

Because of the personal support and presence of the Crowleys FH was helped to stabilize. Pat himself came forward in many of the crises we went through. I recall his legal help on two occasions. One of our most valued volunteers, Sgt. Bernard James, was sent to the federal pen during World War II on what appeared to be a trumped up charge by his Southern white CO. While James languished in jail with no hope of his case coming up for years, Pat and a few influential friends interested themselves in the case, so that it was quickly brought to court, and James was freed and pardoned.

Another time, when FH was up against the old familiar problem, housing, we had to search high and low for a place on the teeming South Side. The only available spot was an old factory that was selling for $20,000—an impossible sum for us at that point. But friends and neighbors managed to bring us within $5,000 of the goal. Then I remembered that Sr. Thomas Aquinas (of blessed memory) as a member of the Board of Directors of Rosary College had said that if we ran into difficulties they would try to make good any deficit. Pat and I found ourselves in the office at Rosary facing a pleased Sr. Peter, the principal, and their puzzled if not belligerent, lawyer. We were there to sign the loan papers for the $5,000, and it was to be *interest free*—hence his animosity. "Why no interest?" he almost choked in indignation. I'm sure that if I had been alone. . . . But after I had really put the fat in the fire by answering that question, "Perhaps the sisters at Rosary remember that at one time in the church, interest on loans was considered usury," Pat's smiling diplomacy and legal expertise won the day. We all signed a 5-year agreement, and before anyone could change his mind, I grabbed Pat's hand, and rushed down the hall and out into the car and thus our search for a new home, 3244 So. Indiana Avenue, was happily ended.

In this rotten old world, Pat's life gives us hope. I still have hope and Pat is one of the reasons. And certainly Chicago, and in some ways, the country and the world, are better places because of him.

ANN HARRIGAN MAKLETZOFF
First Director,
Chicago Friendship House

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